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Contents

COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS . *Page* 202
THE COMING CRISIS IN OIL 204
THE WORLD OF G. D. H. COLE. By Peter Shore 205
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 206
THIS ENGLAND 207
LIMITED ARMAGEDDON AT CHICAGO. By Max Lerner 207
THOUGHTS ON THE POPULAR PRESS. By J. B. Priestley 208
SOCIAL ASPECTS OF RUSSIAN MEDICINE. By Fraser Brockington 210
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams 211
ROUGH WEATHER. By Naomi Mitchison . 212

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:

Measure for Measure. By T. C. Worsley 213
Tough Girls. By Annabel Farjeon . . 213

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.* *Page*

Fiction and Documentary. By William Salter 214
Hard Work. By Jeremy Noble . . . 214
Bad Seed or Poor Sowing? By William Whitebait 214
CORRESPONDENCE 215
From Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington; Rev. Michael Scott; Thomas Balogh; Henry Usborne, M.P.; Simon Harcourt-Smith; H. C. Alexander; D. P. Maguire; D. N. MacKenzie; Paul Einzig; Keith Waterhouse; Elizabeth Jennings; René Elvin.

BOOKS IN GENERAL:

Twice Martyred. By H. R. Trevor-Roper . 217
LOCH NESS: THE GREAT FAULT. By Naomi Mitchison 218

REVIEWS: *Page*

The Prevailing Passion. By V. S. Pritchett . 218
The Mind of the Mathematician. By C. P. Snow 219
More Tears than French. By Richard Mayne 220
The Push-me Pull-you Women. By Mary Scrutton 220
Black Honour. By Paul Johnson . . . 221
New Novels. By Richard Lister . . . 222
Can These Dry Bones Live? By John Raymond 223
WEEK-END COMPETITION 224
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus 224
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac . . . 225
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . . 225

A Basis for Negotiation?

THE London Conference has not ended as we go to press. Yet its positive result seems clear: it will be a delegation, and not a military expedition which goes to Cairo. The ultimate use of force is still not ruled out, but the conference has at least thwarted the British and French notion of invading Egypt and overthrowing President Nasser. Off the record, many delegates at this conference have frankly said that Britain and France "lost their heads" when Nasser nationalised the Company, and some of those most disposed to sympathise with London and Paris (the most important being Mr. Dulles) have made it clear that if Sir Anthony and M. Mollet persist in their panicky notions they will have to go it alone in face of world opinion. At the same time the British and French face has been at least partly saved by the discovery that if they dropped the idea of an ultimatum, they could count on the substantial support of nations like Pakistan, which cannot be accused of hostility to Arab nationalism.

In this sense the conference has not been a total failure, despite its sharp divisions. It is much that the nationalisation of the Canal Company has now been accepted, provided that agreement can be reached on "fair compensation." On that there are ample precedents which cover both the method and scale of payment. The Egyptians, on their side, now realise that it is not only the "imperialist" nations who are genuinely concerned about free navigation through the Canal, and about the efficiency of its operation, its proper maintenance and its development to meet the increasing demand. The Indians and the Russians have as much at stake in these matters as the western maritime powers.

The crux of the difference was that the Indians and Russians were willing to give President Nasser the chance to prove that he can and will fulfil his promises about the Canal, while the French and the British were not. That is why the minority group at this conference asked no more than Egypt's signature to a new convention which reaffirms these principles, leaves the operation of the canal to Egypt and establishes an advisory board of the Canal's users. The majority, on the contrary, insisted that the international board must actually operate the Canal, and that any new convention must provide sanctions which are automatically invoked if, at some later stage, Egypt should violate the agreement.

President Nasser may simply reject this plan out of hand, claiming that it infringes Egypt's sovereignty. (Mr. Menon roundly declared that he will.) He would be wiser to talk frankly and fairly to the delegation. A blunt refusal would play into the hands of those who still seek a pretext for an ultimatum. If Nasser refuses to discuss the formula with the London delegation, it will be much simpler for Britain and France to rally the majority signatories to take economic, if not military, sanctions against Egypt. (As it is, they can look for fresh grounds of dispute in the developing crisis over the pilots—which looks increasingly as if it may lead to the actual interruption of shipping.)

In urging negotiation upon both sides, we do not minimise the important difference of principle between the majority standpoint and that of the Egyptians. But the difference is not wide enough to fight about. It is not impossible to find a means of running the canal which respects the genuine Egyptian rights, yet assures the maritime nations of high operating standards and reasonable rates. A new convention, establishing these two principles, would in any case have had to be negotiated when the company lease ran out in twelve years' time. And there is no reason why it cannot be negotiated now. It could, indeed, become a model for a much wider agreement on narrow waterways under United Nations supervision. We note, for instance, that the Montreux agreement on the Dardanelles is about to expire.

If President Nasser is willing to move in this direction, he will effectively frustrate any attempt to impose a solution on him by force. The best place for him now is not on a high horse but at a conference table seat.

Comments on the Week's News

New Hope in Cyprus

After a week-end of hesitation, the government is now prepared to accept the Eoka cease-fire offer at its face value. What follows next? The responsibility for the first move clearly rests with Britain. In his last statement to the Commons, the Prime Minister promised that Lord Radcliffe would draw up a constitution giving the Cypriots self-government; and that it would be implemented as soon as terrorism ceased. He must now make good his promise, first by repatriating Archbishop Makarios, the only man who can give Lord Radcliffe decisive assistance in his task; and secondly by promulgating the constitution. But it is at this point that the government's real difficulties will begin. Sir Anthony made it clear, in his last statement, that self-determination could not be imposed against the wishes of Turkey; in other words, he admitted that the Turkish veto was legitimate. But the Turkish veto applies, unfortunately, to the constitution as well. Both the Cypriot-Turkish minority and the Turkish government have made it clear that they will not accept a constitution which does not accord parity of representation to the Turkish minority. Yet it is inconceivable that Lord Radcliffe should propose—and even less so that Makarios should accept—an arrangement running directly contrary to democratic principles; and the constitution, whatever form it takes, is certain to invoke the Turkish veto. What, then, does the government propose to do? Defy Turkey—or admit that it cannot keep Sir Anthony's promise? In the past, as Mr. Bevan observed so trenchantly in the last Commons debate, this crucial dilemma has been conveniently obscured by the fact of terrorism. Now, it must be faced, and faced soon. By abandoning terrorism, in short, the Greek-Cypriots have gained what may prove to be a decisive tactical advantage; and the angry Turkish reactions show that this point has been grasped in Ankara, if not in London.

Saving and Spending

The statistics on national income and expenditure annually provide a rich vein of economic information. This year, however, there is an important addition to the usual studies of consumption, income distribution and savings. For the first time, accurate figures have been produced to show net investment—the amount of money invested less the sums needed to offset the depreciation of capital assets. This knowledge is really essential for any serious attempt to analyse the condition and trend of the national economy, but until now economists have had to work merely with guesses and approximations. The new statistics reveal that net investment had been running at just over 6 per cent. of the national income until last year, when it rose by 2 per cent. But a good deal of this has been in housing and other "non-productive" assets, so that the effective rate of investment in actual production is much lower—less than half the rate, for instance, of West Germany. This is the real weakness in the British economy today, and one for which the consumption boom unloosed by the Tory government in 1952 is in good measure responsible. (The spending on "middle-class" goods and services has risen far more sharply in the last two or three years than spending on essentials.) This Blue Book also reveals that the private sector has in fact been lending money to the public sector, and thus it disposes of the argument that private companies, taken as a whole, have not had the resources to invest in new productive equipment. It is not true that heavy taxation and the credit squeeze have cramped the expansion of British industry. The fact is that government monetary policy has made it more profitable for investment funds to be lent to the public sector than put into new private developments.

The Unions Mobilise

The annual meeting of the 40 trade unions concerned with the engineering industry is always a trailer for the Trades Union Congress. At Hastings, for the first time for many years, the big general unions ranged themselves alongside the craftsmen—an alignment that, to judge from the agenda, seems certain to be repeated at the T.U.C.—in launching a new wage claim, in calling for nationalisation of key sections of the engineering industry, and in serving notice on the employers that industrial demands on working conditions, hours and redundancy will be backed by all the strength that the unions can mobilise. The engineering unions may have been angered by the employers' statement in June, before any claim for a wage increase was made, that no claim at all could be entertained—a piece of bluster that has probably wrecked any hopes of wage-price stability this year. But no one can doubt that a new wave of militancy is sweeping the trade union movement, and that unlike previous surges in the post-war years, this one will find the "moderates" at its head rather than at its tail. The B.M.C. strike was the first sign of this change. The speeches at Hastings were the second, and the T.U.C. is yet to come. The trouble about the unions' demands, however, is that they probably over-estimate what can be achieved by neo-syndicalist tactics. Experience suggests that the unions can only push up money wages, and that profit margins remain unaltered. This leads to inflation. In this country, at least, any real redistribution of income takes place through fiscal policy, and that must be secured by political action. In the flush of militancy, the unions may be in danger of forgetting why the movement has a political wing, and what it can achieve for them.

Suicide by Apartheid

In South African Nationalist eyes the Indians in that country are guilty not only of the crime of being coloured, but also of having successful businessmen among their community. This has meant that the Indians have had the financial resources, unavailable to the other non-European communities, with which to fight apartheid. It has been clear for some years that the Nationalists, and indeed many others in the white community, have been mounting a determined attack upon the Indian strongholds. This has now begun in Johannesburg, where the Indian business community is strongly entrenched, though in a limited area. Under a new government proclamation, six townships in the western areas of Johannesburg have been declared white areas and a year's notice has been given to the non-European traders and residents. The proclamation will affect about 50,000 Africans, several thousand Cape Coloureds, Malays and Chinese and about 10,000 Indians. These large communities will be compulsorily moved to new areas divided according to ethnic classification. The Indians are to be forcibly settled in Lenasia, 22 miles out of Johannesburg and far away from the other non-Europeans. This clearly means that they will lose the vast bulk of their trade, which at present comes largely from both Africans and Europeans. The intention is clearly to force many of them to leave the country and return to India.

Only a week ago the Nationalist government was shocked at the ability of Africans to organise a demonstration of 20,000 women, who gathered in Pretoria to protest against the extension to them of the pass system. In view of the difficulties of non-European travel and the heavy restrictions on non-European political organisation, this was a most remarkable feat of organisation. It is to be followed up by a national African congress in Bloemfontein to discuss the increasing grievances of Africans. It seems obvious that the whole effect of the present policy of the Nationalist government is to force all sections of the non-European community into common action. This has been traditionally the greatest fear of the Europeans: the Nationalists appear intent on digging the grave of white supremacy.

The Next Stage in Morocco

It was no accident that the Istiqlal chose August 20 as the date to withdraw their ministers from the Si Bekkai coalition government, and so open Morocco's first internal crisis; it was on August 20, 1953, that General Guillaume, then French Resident-General, dethroned the Sultan and replaced him with a French puppet; and the date has acquired a symbolic significance throughout North Africa. The crisis, however, had been building up for some months. Since the formation of the government, the left wing of the Istiqlal, led by Mehdi Ben Barka, and allied with the U.M.T. (the principal Moroccan trades union organisation), has been demanding a full-scale economic programme, including nationalisation of certain industries, confiscation of the property of the old *beni-oui-ouis,* and investment in heavy industry. For the purpose of overthrowing the government, they allied themselves with the extreme nationalist wing of the party, led by Allal el Fassi, which is calling for the expulsion of the remaining French troops, the denunciation of the Algeciras Treaty (regarded in Morocco as an infringement of sovereignty), and active help for the Algerian rebels. Since July, *Al Alam,* the official party organ, has become virtually an opposition paper, and has even opened a subscription list for "the soldiers of Algeria". But the Suez affair and, perhaps even more so, the violent French response to it, precipitated the crisis. The Sultan now has two alternatives: to accept a homogeneous Istiqlal government, reformist and nationalist in tone, or to enter into violent conflict with the party. Since the Istiqlal has a political monopoly in the big towns, he is more likely to choose the first.

Manpower in Poland

The announcement from Warsaw last weekend that the Polish armed forces are to be reduced by a further 50,000 men (a comparable reduction took place last year) must be read alongside the important policy statement made by Edward Ochab, the First Secretary of the Polish party, at Wroclaw at the end of last month. On that occasion Warsaw radio reported him as saying: "Let us remember that each year we are spending more than twice the total amount of our revenue from land taxes to maintain the armed forces of the

Republic." Indeed, he cited the cost of the armed forces—something over ten per cent. of the national budget—together with that of reconstructing the war-damaged cities as being the biggest obstacles to a higher level of consumption. Meanwhile the new Five Year Plan postulates an increase in real wages of 30 per cent., with industrial production rising by 50 per cent. and agricultural production by 25 per cent. Thus this new reduction in the armed forces is directly related to the Five Year Plan and may reflect a changed economic policy rather than a new military situation. Incidentally, the reduction is accompanied by a provision which enables young men on call-up to opt for national service in the coal mines.

Burma and China

With the arrival in Rangoon of the Burmese Ambassador to the Chinese Peoples' Republic, talks between the two governments on frontier incidents have reached a new stage. The Burmese Prime Minister has now provided details of a clash which took place last November in the Wa States, where for 200 miles the frontier between China and Burma, though clearly defined, is not yet physically demarcated by boundary pillars. On November 20, 1955, a Burmese flag-march column, making its third annual march since this area was cleared of Kuomintang troops, was attacked by Communist troops with a few casualties on both sides. The Chinese have admitted the incident, but call it an accident which happened while some small sections of their border garrisons were out on a routine patrol. In spite of official protests, the Chinese have since remained in the area. The incident has led to public protests on a number of issues which involve good relations between Burma and the neighbour with whom she shares this frontier. The problem was inherited from the British, and the Burmese government has now wisely published the agreement signed in 1941, between the British government and the then Chinese government. The spread of World War II prevented the erection of boundary pillars. It is now clearly in the interests of both governments that this problem be solved, and there is pressure on the government in Rangoon to raise other problems: the increasing illegal Chinese immigration, and contacts between the Burmese and the Chinese Communists. But the first step is for the Chinese to withdraw their troops (nearly 1,000) from the Wa States.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Tokyo

An Interview with Nozaka

A Correspondent in Japan writes: "Webb was there, and Dalton, in one of those scruffy rooms at the L.S.E. I said that I wanted to work on the Japanese labour movement, and a man in an army uniform just back from the war offered to act as my tutor. He was known then as Major Attlee. I only had one session with him, however," said Mr. Nozaka, "I was busy with other things." It was difficult to see in this neat, quiet man with the soft smile, the young student whose over-active participation in "other things," including the London Communist Party, had evoked an expulsion order from Scotland Yard in 1921.

Since then a lot had happened; a tough period in the Twenties as leader of the marginally legal section of the Japanese Communist Party, jail, flight to Moscow, a long period in Comintern headquarters and in Yenan, a triumphal return to an occupied Japan, then the devastating Cominform criticism of 1950, the switch to activism, MacArthur's purge of Communist leaders, and then five years underground, ended by a theatrical reappearance at a mass rally in August, 1955, called to confirm the party's renunciation of the activist left-wing deviationism which the Cominform criticism of Nozaka had set off. Since Tokuda's death Nozaka has been the undisputed leader of the Japanese Communist Party, though rumours speak of a weakening of his position in the last months.

And why (we started off at the heart of the matter) is the Japanese Communist Party so apparently unperturbed by all the things that have set off the ferment in the European parties? One answer, said Nozaka, was that they had got their heart-searching over with last year. They had made a thorough overhaul of party structure and leadership and taken measures to correct tendencies to individually centred leadership, to bureaucratism, and to "patriarchal" and "feudal" personal relations within the party. Criticism of Stalin's personal leadership had not, therefore, imposed on them the need for any re-thinking.

And Togliatti? Equality of status for Communist parties everywhere, or acceptance of Moscow's leadership? "This was all settled in 1943 with the dissolution of the Comintern. From then on, of course, there has been equality. The parties in Russia and in Europe have greater experience and they are stronger on theory. We have learnt, and will continue to learn, from them, but equality of status is not an issue."

But the Cominform criticism of 1950? Now that the Japanese C.P. has returned to the Nozaka "lovable party" tactics, do you not feel any impulse to say "I told you so"? "Not in the least. In the circumstances of the time the Cominform was perfectly right. I was in error in thinking that Communism could gain control in Japan by peaceful means at a time when the occupying American army had absolute supra-constitutional powers. Now the situation has changed. American domination of Japan has altered in form and in degree; there has been a resurgence of democratic forces within Japan, and the Diet is now an organ which, within limits, does exercise a certain amount of effective power.

"Our primary aim must be the democratic revolution which at the same time achieves independence of the U.S. The recent examples of Iceland and Ceylon show that this may be possible if the democratic forces achieve an electoral majority; and our elections here the other day show that this could happen in Japan." The result would be a government led by the Socialist Party. They might, or might not, take part in it. Their role would be to ensure that the Socialist Party sticks to its programme.

But to return to the beginning, was the criticism of Stalin not something of a shock? What do party members feel about the Krushchev speech? "Ah, you mean the thing published in Washington? Well, we have only *Pravda* to go on. Nothing has been published officially." But something like the State Department's version seems to be accepted in the European parties. "Mmm, you mean Togliatti and so on? If it's all true it's a pretty terrible business, isn't it?" Aren't party members dissatisfied with the "no discussion except on official resolutions" line? "No, they don't seem to be, particularly."

Either the Japanese party is extraordinarily well disciplined, or Mr. Nozaka retains a remarkable capacity for smiling sweetly while sitting on top of a volcano. It was now his turn to ask the questions. "Tell me, why did Harry Pollitt resign?"

Moscow

Awkward Questions at Taganrog

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Nobody at the Taganrog Institute of Radio Engineering believed that Perov and Konyayev had really been expelled for the reasons given in the discharge paper pinned on the wall of the corridor—Perov for a breach of study discipline and Konyayev, the prefect, for having failed to keep the class in order. They were both fourth-year students with fine records. Every member of the student body knew that the real trouble lay in the "awkward questions" the boys had asked at the seminar arranged to study the lessons of the 20th Congress. Perov, it appeared, had been reading John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World.* Would the teacher, a young lawyer called Budagova, please explain the standpoint of the adversaries of the Communist Party in 1917-1918? But Comrade Budagova sharply cut the student short.

Already before this incident at the seminar, the heads of the Institute had summoned more than once students who put questions at lectures. Of course students had the right to ask questions! But there were certain questions that should not be asked. Moreover, there had been complaints that the students not only put questions, but "voiced their own opinions." After the seminar the students were summoned for a talk with the director. Perov and Konyayev were deprived of their student cards, while serious charges were levelled at the entire class, especially at its Communist Party members and Y.C.L'ers. Who took steps to see that the two students were reinstated is not clear. They were; but from the point of view of the student body the situation was not much better. The director claimed that "the step has produced the desired results. Now the students behave well." And so some of the students aired the matter in *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* the most popular Soviet daily among the under twenty-fives, the newspaper that up till now has shown most signs of being affected by the attack on The Cult.

The Case of the Questions became a national affair. What is the sin of expressing one's own opinion, the paper asked editorially. Is there any fault if in thinking about major political issues students still fail to comprehend something? "Let us even presume the worst, that they are in the wrong on one point or another. But they have to be taught! . . . Sometimes it seems that our Bolshevik truth needs to be proved only 'somewhere on the other side of the barricades,' while here everybody understands everything. But even here in our Soviet land man is not born with a finished world outlook." *Komsomolskaya Pravda* is incensed by the directors' claim that "now the students behave well." Will Perov ask any more questions, it asks. Will students who still have failed to understand something dare to express their own opinions? Perhaps it has really become quieter at lectures and seminars. But if this advantage is contrasted with the harm done to the students as a whole by the Case of the Questions it must be said bluntly, concludes this influential paper, that the heads of the Taganrog institute have blundered in thinking such methods can be used to rear Soviet youth.

The Coming Crisis in Oil

THE Suez Canal dispute is only one aspect of the oil transport crisis which western Europe will have to solve in the next three decades. Britain is now planning for an annual increase of 3 per cent. in her standard of living; this would mean a 100 per cent. rise above the present level by 1985. The controlling factor in the industrial expansion required to make such an increase possible is our ability to raise power output. For every 1 per cent. increase in living standards, power consumption must rise by between 0.6 and 0.7 per cent. In concrete terms this means that by 1985 the rate of fuel consumption will rise to 430 million tons of coal or its equivalent. Atomic power will be unable to provide more than a small proportion of this, particularly during the earlier stages of the 30-year period; we shall have to rely, therefore, on increased oil imports, which, by 1985, will reach 90 million coal-equivalent tons a year. The same principles apply to other western European countries. By 1975 it is calculated that total western European power consumption will require 1,200 million tons of coal-equivalent, 315 million of which must be foreign oil.

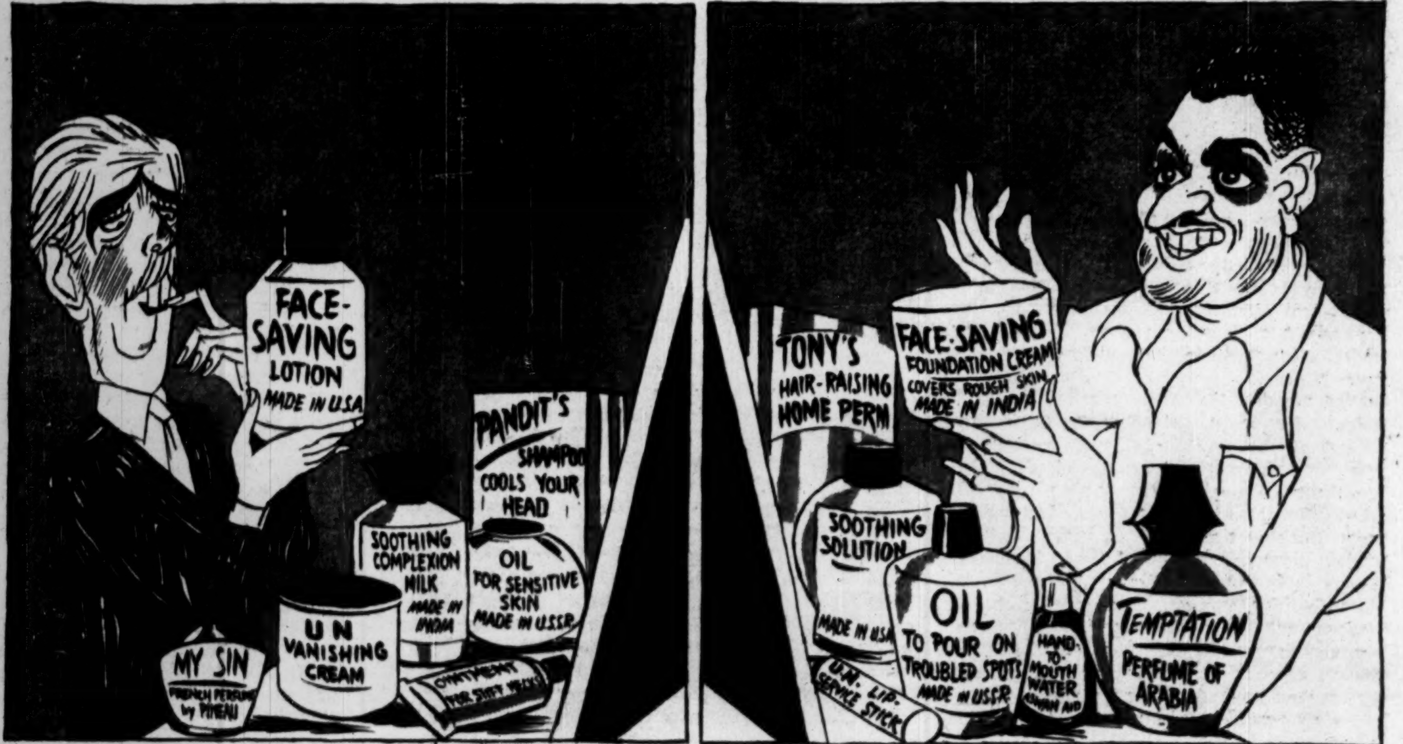
Nearly all this oil will presumably have to come from the Middle East. Caribbean and American oil has to be paid for in dollars; its reserves, moreover, are limited, and most of its current output—enormous though it is—is absorbed by the United States. Although western Europe could obtain supplies from this area in the event of a crisis, it cannot be regarded as a permanent source of supply. By contrast, the Middle East contains over 80 per cent. of the world's proved oil reserves, and its production can be effortlessly expanded to meet western European requirements. It is easy and cheap to produce, and it is payable in soft currency. Provided workable commercial arrangements can be made with the oil-bearing countries of the Middle East, we need not fear for our oil supplies, at least until the end of the century. And by that time ample atomic power should be available for industry.

But it is one thing to buy the oil; it is quite another to transport it to Europe. Here, indeed, lies the difficulty. Western oil consumption has risen so rapidly since the war that it is threatening to outstrip all available means of transport. The Suez Canal was built before the oil era, and it is beginning to look like it. Oil carried through Suez rose from 5.25 million tons in 1938 to 68 million in 1955, and oil tankers now constitute 65 per cent. of all shipping using the canal. Present plans to increase the canal's capacity to 48 ships a day, which are due for completion in 1960, are already out of date. By 1965, making the fullest allowance for improvement schemes, the canal will reach its maximum capacity of 100 million tons of oil a year. But, according to present calculations, crude oil seeking northward passage through the canal will be in the region of 300 million tons by 1975. In other words, the oil transport system will be confronted with an ever more serious bottleneck, which can only be broken by providing alternative routes for moving the oil.

There are, broadly speaking, two principal ones. The first is to revert to the pre-Suez shipping route round the Cape. Super tankers of 45,000 tons deadweight or over already find this route economically preferable for the American run because they cannot navigate the canal when fully loaded. But, for the western European run, a switch to the Cape route would mean an increase in freight charges of between 25 and 30 per cent., depending on the size of the tanker. What is more serious, if all the oil which the canal will be unable to handle is transported round the Cape, a vast, costly and rapid expansion in the world tanker fleet will become necessary. It is, of course, possible to increase the efficiency of tanker operations by raising their speed and the rate of turn-round; but this is only a very partial solution. To carry 100 million tons of oil from the Persian Gulf to Europe by Suez requires 14 million deadweight tons of tankers; to carry the same quantity by the Cape would require an additional 7.5 million tanker tons, at a capital cost of £500 million. If the Cape route is adopted as the principal alternative to Suez, then we shall be forced to double our tanker fleet every ten years. The cost of such an operation can be imagined but hardly calculated. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the tanker shipyards could meet such a vast increase. Even under present conditions they are fully booked up until 1960. We should be forced, in fact, to build not only more tankers but more shipyards; and these heavy capital requirements would, of course, be reflected in the price of oil, and hence in all the goods and services oil provides.

The alternative is to increase the capacity of the Middle East land routes by constructing new pipelines and by duplicating the Suez Canal. A second canal, it is estimated, would cost £120 million and would take eight years to complete. Such a project would present no major engineering difficulties, and from a purely financial point of view it would be an attractive proposition to investors. It would also be possible to construct a large-bore pipeline running parallel to the canals, and thus allow the super-tankers to travel the Suez route fully loaded. Finally, the pipelines carrying oil from the Iraq, Saudi and Kuwait fields could easily be duplicated and enlarged, at comparatively trivial cost. Provided they were willing to do it, the oil and shipping companies could finance such projects out of current revenue; and their construction would impose no undue strain on world engineering resources. Other things being equal, they would not necessitate a rise in the price of oil. In short, if economic considerations are regarded as paramount, the Middle East land route is a vastly preferable alternative.

Unfortunately, the rise of Middle-Eastern nationalism has introduced political factors, which are increasingly influencing the long-term planning of oil transport. Long before Egypt nationalised the Suez Canal, the rapacity of Syria and the Lebanon had forced both I.P.C. and Aramco to abandon plans to build additional pipe-



lines. Even if the West succeeds in putting the clock back in Suez, the companies are most unlikely to reverse their decision, let alone put up the capital for a new oil canal. The oil interests, in brief, are now determined to switch from fixed transport investments, exposed as they are to the indigent whims of Arab despots, to mobile investments, whose safety can be guaranteed by western naval power; and Mr. Onassis' recent decision to build tankers of 100,000 tons—taken, it should be noted, before Nasser's *coup*—is a portent of things to come. In the next thirty years, barring an unlikely reversal of present political trends in the Middle East, an ever-increasing proportion of our oil will be transported by the anachronistic Cape route. The wastage in man- and horse-power and in precious industrial capacity will, of course, be enormous; and both the western consumer and the Arab states—whose share in transport revenues will diminish relatively, if not absolutely—will suffer in consequence. Britain will suffer most of all, and deservedly so; for it is our failure to reach a friendly agreement with the Arab peoples in the past—and our apparent unwillingness to seek it in the future—which has made the tragedy possible.

The World of G. D. H. Cole

THE narrowness and triviality of post-war Socialist thinking in Britain is one sign of the complexity of our time. To know "more and more about less and less" is not merely the consequence of specialisation in politics but, all too often, a cloak for moral and intellectual cowardice. In this period of continuing world revolution—and for Britain of declining imperial power—politics have assumed a new and deadly urgency. The tempting and easy reaction for both the active politician and the passive electorate is to withdraw into our island shell; to ignore history and to talk about the price of tea. But if the lion is no longer an appropriate national symbol, the ostrich must not be allowed to take its place. Today, therefore, there is a special need for the political outsider; for the person who can see the trend of events, raise the great issues of our age and force us to face the uncomfortable facts of our situation.

For many years Professor Cole has played this lonely part, nagging at the conscience of the Labour Party like a nerve in an aching tooth. Courage has always been his great virtue; and through the vigour of his teaching at least two generations of Socialists are greatly in his debt. Now, in *World Socialism Restated**, he once more confronts us with the basic questions of Socialist policy. What are the goals of our own social democracy? What should our relations be with the Communist third of the world? How should we react to the claims of nationalism in Asia and Africa?

With much that Professor Cole has to say, few Socialists will want to disagree. Clearly, we cannot tolerate a capitalist sector of the present size if we wish to advance beyond the Welfare State. Clearly, too, we have every interest in terminating the cold war, whose political and strategic requirements are crippling our diplomacy as much as our economy. Sooner or later, then, as Professor Cole argues, we must "come to terms" with world Communism: and, no less important, as the Suez crisis sharply illustrates, we must break decisively with our imperial past and achieve a *modus vivendi* with the rising forces of nationalism.

But when these and other admirable points are noted, important questions remain unanswered. Is Professor Cole's picture of the alignment of world forces—capitalism, imperialism and colonialism, with democratic Socialism tagging along behind, ranged against Communism, Socialism and nationalism—convincing? Can we accept his implicit and fundamental assumption that capitalism still provides the *main* basis for privilege, inequality and class misrule in the modern world? Can we accept the related assumption that a society in which private ownership of the means of production has ceased to exist is, necessarily, a Socialist society?

Many Socialists whose political thinking matured before the first or even the second World War will be disposed, I imagine, to share these beliefs. In their own experience, concentrated private wealth, derived from capitalist ownership of the means of production, has provided the economic framework for class rule and class exploitation. But I do not see how the post-war generation of Socialists can be expected to agree that capitalism is the only enemy—and in twenty years' time I doubt whether it will be even the main one. For we have witnessed here in Britain, since the war, what must appear to older Socialists an astounding paradox: a major decline in the power, status and rewards of the capitalist class and at the same time a strengthening of class institutions and privileges. Already, the point has been reached at which one can reasonably prophesy that if the rewards flowing to property owners were totally eliminated, our society could still retain, more or less undisturbed, its class character.

The explanation is not difficult to find. The class structure in Britain today is being supported to an ever-increasing extent by the *controllers*—and to an ever-decreasing extent by the owners—of business and industry. These—the controllers—are the people who fly the Atlantic, overflow the Savoy, buy up the Daimlers and keep the waiting lists of our public schools longer than ever before. The new forms of privilege, it must be stressed, do not adhere only to the controllers of private industry: they are available—though on a somewhat more modest scale—to those who run the nationalised industries as well.

It would be untrue to say that there is no recognition of this development in Professor Cole's pamphlet. Indeed, he has an important and highly relevant passage on the managerial society: "A society," he says, "does not become Socialist merely by turning men and women into public employees, if they continue to be paid and graded as much as they would be under a capitalist system. Such a society would be not Socialist, but only state capitalist." This is a vital point. But while Professor Cole recognises the emergence of a new post-capitalist base for class privilege in Britain, it is an odd and serious defect in his pamphlet that similar developments in contemporary Communism are totally overlooked. Yet can it be seriously disputed that bases for class privilege exist in the Soviet Union and in other Communist countries? One has only to consider the power monopoly of the C.P.S.U. to realise that through its control of economic patronage it is—and has been for more than 30 years—in a uniquely favourable position to create and consolidate forms of class rule. If, since the death of Stalin, the party's monopoly of power is now being challenged, it is important to recognise that the new forces—the senior managers, engineers, administrators and officers—are themselves just those elites upon which our own class structure is coming increasingly to depend. To this must be added the official acceptance of inequality, dating from Stalin's contemptuous dismissal of "petit bourgeois" egalitarianism more than a quarter of a century ago, and the known fact that a far wider range of incomes and benefits are permitted in the Soviet Union than in the U.K.

Here, then, is a major disagreement. To Professor Cole the Soviet Union is basically, if pervertedly, Socialist. He assumes it to be Socialist—although he castigates its political excesses—simply because it has purged itself of feudalism and capitalism. To me, however, taking Professor Cole's own definition of Socialism as my touchstone, the Soviet Union is simply a non-capitalist society with deeply entrenched hierarchical and authoritarian characteristics, tending towards the re-emergence of class privilege and class rule. It follows, therefore, that I do not believe that democratic Socialism and Russian Communism are two streams from a single source, held apart by folly and the accident of history, destined to mingle eventually in some Socialist sea.

What, then, should be our attitude to Communism? It must begin with the recognition that Communism has proved to be the most speedy, effective and in some ways attractive instrument yet devised for transforming primitive into modern societies. It is speedy because, with iron political control, it can hold down mass consumption to the subsistence level while it accumulates capital. It is attractive, particularly to nationalist sentiment, because it can carry through the process of accumulation with the minimum recourse to external aid. Furthermore, when all its repulsive features are weighed, Communism remains an infinitely superior system of social organisation than the feudalism which, with minor exceptions, it has so far replaced. Professor Cole speaks for most of us when he says he is "on the side" of the Russian revolution, the Chinese revolution and the Viet Minh. We are for them, in the last resort, simply because we know that it is better to live in the 20th century than in the 13th—and because there was no instrument other than Communism for effecting the change.

But there are important qualifications that must be stated. In the first place, the fact that Communism is a short cut to the 20th century does not imply that it is a short cut to Socialism. There are many kinds of 20th-century society and very few are Socialist. For reasons already stated I do not believe that the Russian model of Communist society deserves that title. Secondly, because the differences between us are in fact so great, it must be our main political task to ensure that, in the future, the drastic choice between feudalism and Communism is widened. The democratic Socialist alternative may be more difficult to achieve but in India we have the great example of what can be done if the will and conviction are there.

Finally, there is no place or function for Communism—at least on the Russian model—in any society which is already in the 20th century. For this reason, although, like Professor Cole, I deplore the fission in the west European Socialist movement, I do not agree that it can or ought to be closed—except through the renunciation by the Communist parties of all their totalitarian and Soviet features.

None of this affects the *need* for a rapprochement with the Communist world. It does, however, influence our motives. We need to "come to terms" for strong and practical reasons: that we shall not avert world catastrophe unless we do; that our defence programme is no more than an expensive farce; that attempts to establish "collective security" and "positions of strength" against a highly organised one-third of mankind are doomed to failure. In short, we are—or should be—preoccupied with a world settlement not because of the magnetism of Soviet beliefs but because of the inescapable presence and magnitude of her world power.

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* *New Statesman* pamphlet. 1s. 6d.

Similar considerations should guide our relations with the U.S. Since all Socialists are against capitalism in general it follows that they are opposed to American capitalism in particular. But the basic reason why the Left has indicted American foreign policy in recent years is not because the U.S. is capitalist but because of the real danger that she might exploit her overwhelming atomic power in "preventive war." Today, if the world situation is somewhat more relaxed, it is not because the U.S. is less capitalist than she was at the time of Korea or Dien Bien Phu but because, since the U.S.S.R. exploded its H-bomb, there is no longer any strong temptation for the U.S. to launch a "preventive war."

What conclusions can be drawn? If democratic Socialism is to remain a world force it must, as Professor Cole argues, reinvigorate its ideals, pursue its internal goals with relentless purpose and urgently remodel its approach to backward nations and the colonial peoples. If it is to bring to this task something more than words, then clearly it must redirect its resources from fruitless military preparations to programmes of economic aid. But, most important of all, it must regain its self-confidence. Democratic Socialism is not a pusillanimous and half-hearted version of Communism as some have come to believe, but a radically different political creed. Its job is not simply to destroy capitalism and feudalism but—and it is likely to prove far more difficult—to destroy the new bases for inequality and class rule that are now developing. In its quest for a classless and civilised society, democracy, it will find, is not an encumbrance but a sheer necessity.

PETER SHORE

London Diary

"THERE's not been so much *fixing*," said a friend of mine in touch with both Fleet Street and the BBC, "since Caiaphas was told about the Resurrection." That certainly is my impression after listening to news bulletins about the Conference in which the BBC has abandoned its usual attempt to be either full or fair. The to-ings and fro-ings and telephonings between Downing Street and key editors in Fleet Street have been continuous. The result has been that the Tory press has dropped the threatening words used to justify military preparations a fortnight ago. If negotiations take the place of ultimata and shooting, most of the government newspapers, which were shouting only the other day for immediate "action", will now forbear to demand Sir Anthony's head on a charger. To the initiated the most alarming feature of early official statements (faithfully reflected in *The Times*) was their use of just those key words which are usually reserved for the eve of war. *The Times* no longer talks about "aggression", and we no longer hear about our quarrel with "one man", against whom, as a united nation, we must "stand together" to defend our "vital interests". Instead we have a thoughtful statement by the Foreign Secretary about the limitations of sovereignty—an argument which many of us have advanced ever since the first world war, but which sounds like sheer hypocrisy when it is suddenly trotted out as an argument for internationalising the Suez Canal without any suggestion that the same principle applies equally to the Panama, the Dardanelles, the Straits of Gibraltar and other great waterways of vital interest to everyone.

* * *

I had a conversation with a Conservative who did not want Sir Anthony's face too efficiently saved. Not because he particularly wanted it slapped, but because he thought only a rather dramatic failure would convince the British of the fact that we can no longer behave as the world's governess. An optimist about this crisis, he tries also to be a realist, and he holds that we shall go on getting into serious trouble until some, probably dramatic, event persuades us to leave off trying to impress an unresponsive world with an overblown picture of our own importance. He said, very wisely, that there are now only two forms of imperialism which can work. There is American financial imperialism, which is willing to pay an increasing financial toll to a backward nation it has penetrated and finally to move elsewhere when financial penetration is no longer profitable. There is also the simple Russian imperialism which overruns and dominates small countries on its frontiers. But our form of imperialism which has been to control distant countries with the help of the fleet, a garrison and a political adviser, is now completely out of date and bound to fail as each "backward" people ceases to accept colonial treatment. If we now learn this lesson, my friend said, this foolish outburst of out-of-date British jingoism will have been worth while. Our history books talk of the war of Jenkins' Ear; it will be much if we now know better than to stumble into a war for Eden's Face.

* * *

People who have seen in the press that Francis Williams is about to edit the old Scottish socialist paper *Forward* will be glad to know that this appointment will not affect his brilliant weekly articles in this journal. When orthodox Labour leaders took over *Forward*, Francis Williams agreed to reorganise the paper and see that it went off to a good start. But he stipulated that he would not give up his broadcasting or other writing—especially not his weekly *N.S.* column, which is now one of the most discussed features of modern journalism. There is scarcely a journalist, certainly not an editor or columnist, who is not excited every week, one way or another, by this column. *Forward* will appear in its new form on August 30. It will be a 4d. paper which will try to appeal to what can broadly be called the *Daily Mirror* public. Francis Williams, who as editor of the *Daily Herald* has had long experience of working under an official Labour committee, has, of course, been promised a free hand while he is in charge of *Forward*, but he is much too wily and experienced a bird to imagine that the independent editor of a paper which is run to put over the party line is likely to find his chair at all comfortable for many months together.

* * *

When Maurice Richardson reviewed *The Quare Fellow* in this journal on June 2, he ended his enthusiastic remarks with the hope that the play would soon come to the West End. His optimism was justified. I saw it at the Comedy Theatre and found it as good as he did. Mr. Brendan Behan has the strange Irish combination of wit, obscenity, violence, fatalism, imagination and harrowing realism which you can find in O'Casey (though not sustained as with O'Casey). The play is, of course, a fierce condemnation of capital punishment and it would not have been as effective as it is if the Lords were not at war with the Commons on this matter. But it would stand on its own feet at any time and at any period. Some people doubt whether the disgusting character of the tipsy but pious hangman is not overdone; but from all I have read of past hangmen, I would say that Mr. Behan had been almost too truthful. He relieves this scene with a strange exercise in the bizarre by making the hangman's assistant prelude their deed of violence by squawking out a hymn to the accompaniment of a concertina. Nobody need be stopped from going to *The Quare Fellow* by fear of propaganda boredom.

* * *

Sir Leo Page used to say that Magistrates had no right to talk about giving a defendant the "benefit of the doubt." If there was a doubt in the case, the prosecution had failed: acquittal was an absolute right, not a "benefit." I wonder what he would have thought of the case of Thomas Peter Burke, who was sentenced to 21 days' imprisonment, after two remands of eight days and seven days, on a charge of unlawfully possessing a hold-all. Burke had told the police, and he told the Magistrate, that a man named Lewis gave him a left-luggage ticket for the hold-all as security for a 2s. 6d. loan; and the hold-all did in fact contain an insurance card in the name of Lewis. No Lewis was traced by the London police. So Burke, who is a labourer and may be presumed to be handier with a pick than with a pen, wrote from prison after his sentence to the police at Yarmouth. *They* found Mr. Lewis, who confirmed the whole story—in time for Burke to appeal to London Sessions and get his conviction quashed. He had had everything the law provides for such unfortunates: bail, legal aid, a good counsel before the Appeals Committee: everything, that is to say, except the benefit of the doubt.

* * *

On Sunday morning I was lucky enough to notice that the BBC were repeating one of the most enjoyable programmes that I ever listened to. I do not understand why more attention has not been given to "Call the Tune"—the musical quizz in which people who are not primarily known as musical experts as well as those who are, are offered an opportunity of showing off. Unlike other parlour games that are broadcast (though I enjoy "Twenty Questions") the actual material of this game is delightful. One hears snatches of fine recordings of the best voices and orchestral playing. In this particular programme Stephen Potter and Joyce Grenfell and Lionel Gamlin, all displayed knowledge that one would not have been sure that anyone would have at his fingertips, while I wanted Ivor Newton to talk for hours about the great singers he had accompanied. Having identified Tetrazzini as the singer of a great aria, he remarked that its final notes usually stretched a soprano to the limit, but that Tetrazzini showed her contempt for such technical limitations by stooping down low to pick up her train while she was singing it—and singing it perfectly. As for Chaliapin, he said that every story of this extraordinary man's behaviour was an understatement. His rages were terrible. One day after many efforts to get a perfect recording, Chaliapin's own voice cracked. Everybody was terrified by the fury in Chaliapin's face. He proceeded to gives himself a tremendous blow on the jaw with his fist.

* * *

Diana Dors has won more publicity by being photographed getting out of a bath fully clothed than most film stars receive by being photographed inside one undressed. She also succeeded in diverting public attention (usually riveted on her bosom) to her lower limbs which were clad in "turquoise-blue silk matador trousers." By some good luck she happened to have a change of costume handy; her hairdresser was one of the party, so were her dress designer, her agent, her husband and, most lucky of all, a couple of photographers, one to get beaten up after her immersion and one to snap her in the very act of falling in. This photograph has been seen by many millions of people—a thought that should compensate Miss Dors for straining her back (not badly enough, it seems, to keep her from working), and the photographer for being socked on the jaw.

* * *

It is a mistake, I think, to compare motor drivers with murderers on the ground that both are responsible for killing people. But I agree with the correspondent who makes this comparison that the behaviour of the courts towards motor killers is really very odd. He sends me one report of a gentleman who was fined £20 and costs for dangerous driving because he killed an elderly lady, apparently because his brakes were faulty. In another case a learner driver was fined £24 for driving without "L" plates and without a competent driver at his side and for not stopping when he had knocked over an old man who cried out for help and died afterwards. In a third case a woman over eighty received fatal injuries after being run over at night by a car alleged to be without lights and driving at a fast speed. Reports say that he skidded 95 feet and police evidence suggested that his footbrake didn't work and his hand-brake was "not much better." Maybe the case was inadequately reported, but, according to the report, the driver was fined £8 with £12 12s. costs for dangerous driving, was disqualified from driving for twelve months and fined £2 for having inefficient brakes and 10s. for not displaying lights. He blew his horn and no doubt did his best to avoid the foot passengers who were so rashly trying to cross the road when he was coming along. But I can't help repeating that there is something a bit odd about these sentences.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

For me the brightest picture in a week of tension was that of the Duke of Windsor wearing a false moustache during his trip to Germany. We all like dressing up, but the famous seem shy of "letting their hair down," especially when a photographer is around.

I wish they would realise what a first-class tonic these happy pictures give in times of international gloom.—*Sunday Express.* (James Brannan.)

For months 80-year-old Bert Jackson had promised himself the first drink at a new club being built near his home at Edenthorpe, Doncaster. But a few weeks before the club was opened he died. . . . Today his widow, Mrs. Edith Jackson, will take a pint of beer in a lemonade bottle—the first drawn at the club—to the cemetery where her husband is buried. She plans to pour it over his grave —to fulfil Bert's promise.—*News Chronicle.* (T. Mason.)

I enclose a photograph of a dog's caravan which I have made for my dog to enable me to take him wherever I go on my bicycle. He enjoys it very much.—Letter in *Picture Post.* (M. Petty.)

Nomination of Mr. Stevenson would be good news for Britain. The man is almost English himself. His manner, his dress, his wit and polish and erudition are all British. We could not have a better man.—*Daily Mail.* (Lady Hendriks.)

Limited Armageddon at Chicago

AN alliance of eggheads, labour leaders, silk-stockings, moderates, and old New Dealers streamlined for the new times took over the Democratic Party here at the Chicago convention, nominated Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver, freed itself from Harry Truman, and set out to recapture the strongholds of Washington from the junta around Eisenhower.

Stevenson's hold on the Democrats was never in doubt from the start of the convention. Once the Kefauver campaign had collapsed in California in June, the Harriman cause—which depended on a Stevenson-Kefauver deadlock—was also doomed. The only element of surprise in the presidential nomination struggle was the active intervention of Harry Truman, who tried vainly to stop Stevenson by reviving the corpse of Harriman. This brought a brief flurry of hope to Lyndon Johnson, the "moderate" Southerner from Texas, and to Stuart Symington of Missouri, who holds the longest endurance record as a "dark horse" in our era. But the Truman move was as hopeless as it was inept.

It is sad to have to record the strange death of Harry Truman. He could have wielded great influence, in Eleanor Roosevelt's manner, as the Elder Statesman of the party. But, filled with hatred for Stevenson, who had in 1952 shown too much independence of the Man from Independence, he cast himself in the role of tyrant-killer and king-maker, and failed dismally. The convention trampled over him by nominating the two men he hated most—Stevenson and Kefauver.

Stevenson's first decision as nominee—the unprecedented decision to throw the convention wholly open for the vice-presidency—had a touch of Rooseveltian daring, drama, and grandeur about it. Not only did it free him from the competing candidate pressures on him: it also underlined the importance of the Nixon issue and the presidential succession. When, on the second ballot, the Southern states and New York switched to Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts (son of the reactionary former ambassador to Great Britain, but himself a liberal), there was a momentary suspicion that this would be a smoke-filled "open convention" after all. The fact that Kennedy almost won was revolutionary, since it meant that a big-city Northern Catholic had been adopted by the traditionally anti-Catholic South. But, faced by an alliance of Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Carmine DeSapio of New York, and Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, the labour, liberal, and Mid-West farmer forces combined behind Kefauver who had all along been the target of the strange Catholic-Southern alliance.

The triumph of Kefauver was an offset to the disappointing failure of the convention on the school decision clause in the civil rights plank. (Kefauver was the symbol of the Left at the convention even more authentically than the feckless Harriman, while Lyndon Johnson was the symbol of the moderate Right, and Stevenson the symbol of the moderating just-Left-of-Centre.) The Democrats adopted a plank which recognised the school decision as the law of the land, and the Supreme Court as one of the three co-ordinate branches of the Federal government. It went further than past platforms in asking for full freedom of opportunity for Negroes in every area of life. Where it bogged down was in its failure to pledge the party explicitly to the carrying out of the school decision, which is what the Lehman-Reuther-Mennen Williams-Paul Douglas forces urged. This may prove to have been the fateful mistake of the convention, since the Republicans will use it to press their drive for the Northern Negro vote. But Stevenson had adroitly hedged it with a stronger pre-convention "sidewalk interview" which has been described as "advertently inadvertent"; and after the plank's adoption, but before his nomination, he announced in almost a stage-whisper that he would have preferred a stronger one.

The essence of his position was expressed in his acceptance speech when he said that by their very nature as a North-South party ("the only national party") the Democrats had to make sectional accommodations, with the hint that once in power they could by the same logic carry through action, while the Republicans could not. This is a highly debatable proposition in political theory, since the Northern and Southern wings of the Democrats will have to live with each other as much in Congress as at the convention. But as the campaign progresses Stevenson will doubtless move away from the plank and make his own bid for the civil rights vote, greatly helped by Mrs. Roosevelt, who strongly supported the compromise plank.

In a quiet way the Democrats have reorganised themselves as a party. Truman and his "cronies" are out, DeSapio's "New Tammany" has been weakened, the Southern immoderates have been kept in check, the chances of a Dixiecrat Third Party have vanished. The big-city machine leaders whose prestige will continue after the convention are mainly David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, Jacob Arvey of Chicago, and especially James Finnegan of Philadelphia, who skilfully managed Stevenson's march to the nomination and (himself a Catholic) worked hard for Kefauver's nomination as against Kennedy. As for labour, there were 200 delegates who came from the trade unions, or about 15 per cent. of the convention. Of all the labour men Walter Reuther emerged as the most influential, taking the place Sidney Hillman had once had with Roosevelt.

Yet Adlai Stevenson's campaign is not going to be labour-dominated, any more than it will be dominated by the Finnegans or the intellectuals and silk-stockings on Stevenson's staff. (To those who lament the decline of American intellectuals, I might point out that Kefauver was a Yale Law School graduate, and that a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket would have been a Princeton-Harvard egghead sandwich.) Stevenson came out of the convention the undisputed leader of the remarkable group of able young senators, governors, and local community leaders who are now the heart of the Democratic Party.

He came out free of "deals," very much his own man, boxed in only by the contradictions within the political situation itself, and dedicated to a politics of manœuvre by which he hopes to keep the conflicting elements within his party from destroying each other and the chances of victory. Forced to campaign hard in the primaries, and to taste the dust and blood of the arena of democracy as never before, he has grown tougher and more knowledgeable—but not less literate or with a less cool and chiselled intellect.

His acceptance speech was written in the prose of Woodrow Wilson, and it used some of the old Roosevelt-and-Truman-hallowed New Deal slogans. But its peculiar quality was Stevenson's own—the quality of an intellectual who has learned practical politics, a moderate who knows the value of moral dedication, an ironist with a flair for a limited Armageddon, a man who knows he must pay the admission price of political manœuvre if he is to get a chance to battle for the life of humanity in the new age of nuclear death.

Chicago. MAX LERNER

Thoughts on the Popular Press

THE chief complaint against the popular press is that it panders to the lowest tastes of the mob. It is morbidly sensational, we are told. It is determinedly and elaborately obscene. It asks us to buy it so that we can read about what happens to girl drug addicts, what the Italian parlourman did in the bathroom, why the two blonde schoolgirls vanished from home, what orgies took place in the villa. Colossal circulations, the largest in the world, are built up in this fashion. Freedom or no freedom, indignant moralists tell us, we must put a stop to it.

This crusade cannot find a recruit in me. For years I have regularly bought a Sunday newspaper (though it is not the only one I buy) that has specialised as long as I can remember in reporting, with as much detail as it is allowed to print, all the police court cases that involve our fancier sexual antics. Probably I have a dirty mind. Certainly I have a mind sharp-edged with curiosity, and it is in these shocking columns, crammed with solemn police evidence, that I discover how many odd people live in this odd island of ours. It is here the lid comes off, to reveal characters and situations so wildly improbable that no novelist or dramatist, with a reputation for realism, would ever dare to make use of them. I remember, among many treasures, a scene between two horrible schoolgirls and a terrified gravedigger that even Webster or Tourneur would have reluctantly rejected.

It is a mistake to suppose that there is here anything new. I remember dining, many years ago, with the portentously respectable peer who at that time owned this particular Sunday paper. He told me—and I believed him, and still do—that contrary to general opinion the Victorian Sunday papers were ten times worse than his. For example, the fascinating Dilke case was reported with a wealth of obscene detail that would not be tolerated now. Our great-grandparents were even more excitedly curious about "orgies" than we are. What a word of power that is—*orgy!* I once thought of writing a story about a retired man of means who went round the world looking for an orgy, only to be told everywhere that he had arrived just too late ("You ought to have been here before they cleaned this place up, old boy," he would be told at the Bougainvillea Club), but perhaps returning home, old and weary, to find the police raiding an orgy there.

Though I do not seriously defend all this salacious stuff, it seems to me comparatively harmless when it is compared with the attention given to sadistic murder and all the pathological muck it dredges up. To my mind one of the strongest arguments against capital punishment is that the shadow of the hangman and the gallows brings a kind of awful dignity, fascinating to shallow minds and trivial lives, to characters and events that ought to be filed away in the records of police inspectors and psychiatrists. Once the judge has put on his black cap, a host of foolish people, denied a conscious entrance into our ancient myths, are stirred somewhere in the depths of their unconscious, and see in any shabby little psychological misfit, doomed to be destroyed, the magical gleams of a Baldur or a Lucifer. And the popular press, which often shows an instinctive feeling for the shadow shows of the unconscious, thunders out, like Wagnerian brass, these *leit-motifs* of doom, adding to the vague old magic the new enchantment of *publicity.* For we live in an age when publicity does not mean merely writing large what was written small before, so that what was originally silly is only sillier when immensely enlarged. No, in our day, publicity, in all but the most horrifying matters, turns into an added quality, bestowing distinction, a face that can be recognised among the millions of masks.

This brings us to what is really wrong with the popular press of this country, to a fault in which it leads the world, to the point where it undoubtedly is beginning to corrupt its readers. What is wrong with the British popular press is neither its obscenity nor its sensationalism, both of which may be found in larger measures in newspapers elsewhere: it is its determined and ever-increasing *triviality.* Let me add at once here that I am not alone in believing this. It is the view of a great many intelligent journalists, who may shrink from stating it in public but are almost luridly forthright about it in private—as I discovered, among other places, in a press club overseas, not long ago. There I heard newspapermen belonging to several nations declaring that our post-war journalism was unmatched in its insistence upon the trivial.

A little later, to make some comparison for myself, I bought several issues of New York's notorious "tabloids" and went through them carefully. True, there was all manner of rubbish in them; their general tone and taste were awful. But there was a great deal more news and sensible comment in them than can be found in our worst sheets. An intelligent man could spend more time reading them. They offered far more glimpses of the real world. They might be running various stunt features of their own, but they were not running them to the exclusion of all manner of important news and views. They were still newspapers, not throwaways for a three-ring circus. When the nonsense was drained off, there remained a good five cents' worth of reading matter. They did not make you feel that their managing editors must have been recruited from the sillier types of shopgirls and chambermaids; a few adult males had had some part in the enterprise. Yet I well remember the time, when I first went to New York, when I stared at these same newspapers in disgust, hoping that ours would never be as bad. Some of them now are much worse.

It will be said that a successful popular newspaper reflects the interests and tastes of its readers, and would not be successful if it didn't. If our papers are trivial, it is because our people are trivial. If Miss Marilyn Monroe's marriage or Lady Docker's wardrobe is given more space and attention than anything else, then that is because the bulk of readers are more passionately concerned and curious about Miss Monroe or Lady Docker. If "TV personalities" get more space than all our artists, scientists, philosophers, scholars, put together, that is because the millions who read the popular press are also the millions who watch television. So runs the argument, and it is not easy to rebut. Nevertheless, it is too simple. We have passed the point at which our mass media are mere reflections of the mass mind. Now they can create the taste by which they are judged. Thursday's paper is eagerly read because it offers further news of what was made important by Monday's and Tuesday's papers. Miss Monroe and Lady Docker may be the people's darlings, but they were Fleet Street's first.

An experiment ought to be tried. Let six editors, perhaps with some backing from the BBC and ITA, agree to turn the big spotlight for a week or so on a kitten called Snookums. Every day there is a lead story about Snookums. Large photographs decorate the front page. Everybody connected with Snookums, including the milkman who delivers its milk, is interviewed and photographed. There is no escaping Snookums. And before the end of the second week I suspect you could draw a large crowd anywhere by announcing that a glimpse could be caught of Snookums. Millions of people would believe that Snookums meant something important in their lives. And editors not in the original conspiracy would hastily climb on to the Snookums bandwagon and, if asked why they filled their columns with such stuff, would indignantly retort that it was their business to give their readers what they wanted. Yet nobody would have wanted Snookums.

We are rapidly arriving at a time—if, indeed, we have not already arrived at it—when masses of people do not really want anything until they are told they want it. A thing becomes important because they read about it in the press or hear about it on TV and radio. More and more of their interests and tastes have to be created rather than reflected or catered for. This does not mean that if the *Daily Flash* and the *Sunday Bash* linked up with the Third Programme, cricket and football ground and cinemas would be deserted, so that Kafka and Monteverdi could be uproariously enjoyed elsewhere. It is not quite as simple as that. But it does mean that more and more a vast public decides what is and what is not important on the basis of the attention it receives in the press. Only so much attention, so much space and time, can be given. If Snookums has to be highlighted, then all the work of the U.N. special agencies may have to be left out. If television announcers and models are in, then teachers and nurses are probably out. So day after day a false picture of the world is flashed on to millions of innocent minds, whose education, no matter how much we spend on it, largely fails to screen them.

Is this emphasis upon triviality deliberately aimed at by proprietors and editors? In a few instances—yes. There are some men in this trade who hate their customers, and delight in cramming them with muck. The rest go round and round in a fairly vicious circle of professional cynicism and commercial cunning. (Happy men may exist on the upper levels of this industry, but I have yet to meet one of them.) What all but the most intelligent and the most depraved, who don't care a damn, choose to forget is that the morons they are helping to produce are in fact the inhabitants of this country, the people upon whose future efforts and intelligent co-operation we shall depend for our existence. And I for one do not give a trivial Britain a very long, prosperous life. The world will not help to maintain us in our second childhood.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

NEXT WEEK

French Books

A special Supplement with contributions by

J. G. Weightman
Donat O'Donnell
Geoffrey Brereton
John Raymond
Osbert Lancaster
Sonia Orwell
Rayner Heppenstall
Paul Johnson
Pamela Hansford Johnson

the things they say!

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Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

Social Aspects of Russian Medicine

(Professor Brockington recently visited the U.S.S.R. to study Soviet medical practice.)

THE structure of the Russian health services is monolithic. From the central point at Moscow to the most distant regions of the Union there appears to be a uniform pattern. The service gives the impression of efficiency, and it seems to have been supplied to the whole of the Russian continent rather like providing gas or electricity. The decision was taken early that the creation of health is no more than a technical exercise for which doctors and auxiliary workers are needed in great numbers. Today the visitor to Russia sees the fulfilment of this idea. The 81 medical institutes, separated from the universities, and the 650 middle medical schools, have worked at full pitch to produce the doctors and the feldshers whose four years of training qualify them for sanitary or veterinary work and for midwifery or nursing. Once again we hear the grand total—300,000 doctors (1 to 720 persons) and 800,000 auxiliaries. And we had no doubt of its truth. Rather did we soon wonder how this total could meet the lavish use.

The polyclinic, around which the Russian health services have been built, can fairly claim to be a health centre, though it is not identical with anything to be seen elsewhere. It is not unlike the "Section 21" health centre envisaged by our own Health Service Act. But there are many points of dissimilarity. The Russian polyclinic does a large part of the out-patient work of the British hospital system, using a type of specialist midway between the British G.P. and consultant. It exists in three forms—for children, adults and industrial workers. It lacks the family doctor in the sense understood in Britain of a physician to the whole family selected from several, available generally speaking in all circumstances. The Russian sector doctor, working a short day shift, cannot be so freely available. There can hardly be any freedom of choice since the doctor appointed to a sector covers the whole population within it; the children and workers are cared for in different clinics. It is doubtful whether these fine distinctions mean anything to the ordinary Russian citizen. For him the Russian polyclinic does take the place fairly effectively of the British family doctor. Patients can expect continuous attendance except for emergencies dealt with by the emergency squad; they can 'phone to make appointments; and the people in the area of a polyclinic look upon it as a source of health and strength.

There is a small army of doctors engaged in hygiene in the 19th-century sense. Moscow has given the order to scour clean the Russian landscape. The task is uphill, as in all under-developed countries with a defective environment and little understanding of the principles of health promotion, but the work of the medical sanitary inspectors, whose powers are considerable, is beginning to bear fruit.

Public health doctors are engaged in large-scale operations to eliminate the major plagues, malaria, trachoma, tuberculosis and others. In Uzbekistan, for example, a gigantic scheme of malaria control employed 500 doctors, 1,500 medical auxiliaries and 4,000 voluntary workers. The Institute of Tuberculosis in Tashkent supervises the work of 30 X-ray plants and 12 mobile units. In 1954, one million out of seven million people were radiographed. The service employs 550 tuberculosis officers and 980 auxiliary workers with 35 dispensaries. All students, collective farmers and workers in heavy industry are radiographed yearly. B.C.G. vaccination is given at birth and at age 3, 7 and 10 years. Cattle are said to be seen monthly by veterinary feldshers and there has been a rigorous policy of skin testing and slaughtering since 1938. The application of preventive medical techniques, which can be seen in many other spheres of work, has been undertaken on a vast scale without any of the inhibitions which hold up the work in a free society. It is aided by a lavish provision of medical institutes, all closely related with central institutes in Moscow. Health education, within the general scheme of indoctrination with Soviet faith, is used widely and is having considerable effect.

"Specialists" in both children's and adult polyclinics seem to spend much time in preventive examination. These "specialists" form a high proportion of the doctors in the polyclinics. (In a Moscow polyclinic there were 91 doctors, made up as follows: 19 sector G.P.s, 16 sanitarians, 10 dentists and 46 "specialists.") One Tashkent cotton factory appeared to examine every worker annually, and those in dangerous trades twice yearly, using a team of doctors from its polyclinic. The City polyclinic No. 3 (one of 40 polyclinics) in Stalingrad used the same team method to examine all the workers of a section of the town twice yearly. The team was variously listed and seemed to have no exact form, consisting of five or more: e.g., a therapist, a surgeon, a gynaecologist, a neurologist, a dentist (or stomatologist), an ear, nose and throat surgeon. The work was conducted in the factory itself; facilities for X-ray and laboratory work were available, and about 50 persons were examined daily. One effect of this policy, it was said, was the relatively small numbers seeking consultations at the polyclinics.

The work of the general practitioner, or sector doctor, seemed also to have a preventive bias. He is expected to spend half of a six-hour day at the clinic and half in visiting the section. When visiting, he is expected to see the chronics, to ask about people in the family or in other families in the neighbourhood who may be in need of medical care; and to give lectures to workers and the public in factories and apartment houses.

The most obvious deficiency in public health for the priority classes is the absence of care for the aged. But like other visitors we were struck by the few aged people seen. Russia may have yet to experience the impact upon public health of an ageing society. School children are examined annually by school doctors on the staff of the clinics—an effective link with active medical care—who also give part of their time to actual teaching in the classroom. On the other hand, in a country where the diet approximates more to that of under-developed countries, with an excess of carbohydrate, the absence of any general scheme of school feeding is a serious deficiency. The industrial worker appears to be under close medical supervision, but the rigorous system of work or starve may well introduce hazards into Russian industrial life which a more humane society would avoid. The widespread development of sanatoria, rest homes and other prophylactoria, which provides one of the most striking features of the Russian scene, must help to maintain the health of workers and children.

The need for mothers to work, and the influence of the widespread use of nurseries for the young infant, call for more attention than we were able to give. Perhaps "deprivation" of maternal care is of less significance when it is the general lot of all. The provision for mothers in childbirth seems to be of a high order. In a Tashkent district maternity home (400 beds, 7,000 births annually) every delivery was attended by both a doctor and a midwife. Such use of skilled time, however extravagant, was obviously designed to reduce risk to an inescapable minimum. The 75 women doctors and 280 feldsher midwives had time enough to spare for ante-natal work and for the teaching of physiological delivery, of which much was made, along Pavlovian lines. We were told that 98 per cent. of Tashkent mothers and about 82 or 83 per cent. of mothers in the rest of Uzbekistan were delivered in hospital.

The whole of Soviet society is in a sense an exercise in social medicine. This is particularly noticeable in the services available through committees of citizens to deal with welfare and care and after care, a widespread "participation" by the people themselves in their own social problems. Stalingrad has 401 local committees of citizens—in streets, blocks of flats and other units. The street committees are responsible for sanitary matters, for taking steps to see that those in need of care get it, for work in connection with problem families and marital disharmony, and for following up school children. They act as a line of communication between consumer and supplier. Similarly trade union committees are called in by magistrates to help in marriage rehabilitation, and committees of parents appear to be active in schools. Stalingrad has established committees in polyclinics to undertake practical health work of which the following examples were given: (1) an investigation of school meals in the area of the clinic; (2) collaboration in a scheme for preventing the introduction of poliomyelitis by traffic along the Volga; and (3) conducting a campaign to abolish flies. The oft repeated statement "we have no social problems" may mean no more than "we try to deal with our social problems ourselves without establishing outside agencies and introducing specially trained workers." But this is only an impression.

It is impossible to speak definitely about the state of health of the Russian people. None of the usual indices of health are available upon which to make a true assessment. Statistics, other than percentages, are notoriously difficult to obtain in Russia. My experience differed little from that of the many other observers. There was a monotony of general information which often had little value. Figures were freely given for the number of doctors, clinics, hospitals and auxiliary workers, which, at their face value, emphasise the expansion of Russian medical services. These seemed to be generally accurate. But statistics of the type to be found in Britain in the mass of official reports seem to be wholly lacking. No accurate return has been kept of the vast amount of material which must have accumulated during 35 years of the Russian experiment in applied science. The only actual figures which we received for population or mortality concerned the natural increase of the population (3-3½ million), the crude death rate (8.9) and the maternal mortality (0.08 post-natal).

No doubt "security" laws played a part in this. But generally the vagueness seemed to be due to a lack of statistical studies. The art and science of medical statistics, even in its most elementary form, seem to be unknown in Russia. When information was sought at the ground level it was said to be higher up. Specific enquiries, if pursued, always led to Moscow; but when ultimately we saw the deputy head of the statistical bureau of the Ministry of Health in Moscow, we were told that the details could only be given locally, or were not available to the Ministry of Health.

Great improvements have taken place in the state of Russian health but they cannot be measured. Maternal and child mortality may now be no greater than our own. Improvements are likely to have been particularly marked in the nutritional field. Rickets, very common together with osteomalacia before the Revolution, is now rare in Uzbekistan, in contrast with the pandemic incidence in Turkey and Yugoslavia, and we were told, for example, that rickety pelves had become rare. The main lethal pandemic and epidemic infections have probably been reduced fairly near to the levels now seen in western Europe. Malaria appears to have been virtually abolished in Uzbekistan. The position of typhoid seems to be not unlike our own, and widespread inoculation, once practised, has been abandoned as no longer necessary. Venereal disease was said to have virtually disappeared. We had no means of checking this.

Finally, it was extremely difficult to gauge the magnitude of social problems. We heard of problem families. We saw primary poverty, but, in a state of full employment, it was probably only slightly more than our own. Drunkenness exists and is, I suspect, a greater problem than in Britain. We could get no information about suicide rates. Some at least of the problems of an ageing society have not yet been experienced. The oft-repeated claim that prostitution has disappeared, and that child delinquency and crime are hardly to be seen, cannot be accepted without access to records which we were in no position to obtain. But the prevailing atmosphere of restraint and conformity which has followed long years of restrictive measures may well be developing novel social problems. An observation of possible significance in this context was the small number of calls, in comparison with our own, upon the general practitioner. When all the more obvious cushioning effects have been taken into account—and there were a number of alternative forms of service which the more elaborate machinery of the Russian health services provided—I was left with a strong impression that the atmosphere of the Russian state does something in itself to reduce the social problems, which are a common component of our own disease picture. The driving forces of the Soviet faith and dogma, the life of conformity, and the absence of individual choice, lessen conflict, reduce neurosis and prevent psychosomatic disorders. It is not impossible that one of the prices to be paid for liberty is social problems, crowded surgeries and swollen out-patient departments.

FRASER BROCKINGTON

Fleet Street Notebook

THOSE who have been trying to follow the Suez crisis through the columns of the daily press—and how else can most people hope to get even a rough idea of what is going on?—must have been having a difficult time during the last few days. Apart from the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mail*, both of which are still doing their best to keep passions high, the full flood of hysteria that greeted Nasser's act in so many, although fortunately not all, editorial offices has subsided. So much so that by Sunday both the *Sunday Times* and the *Sunday Express* were hard at work attempting to persuade their readers that in fact the importance of the Canal was far from being all that it had earlier been declared to be. They did so, moreover, in terms so nearly identical as to suggest a common official inspiration.

"If the world lost the whole of the Middle East production it would have nearly as much oil as it had in 1952," declared the *Sunday Times* in a leader page article expressly designed to put the significance of the Suez Canal "in its proper perspective". It summed up after a survey of world oil resources and tanker traffic through Suez, and concluded "that the temporary loss of all or part of the Middle East oil would be far from fatal." The *Sunday Express*, in a leader page article, reached much the same conclusion, odd as it may have seemed to those who had read the same paper the previous week.

One has, however, to turn to reports of the London conference to savour to the full the art of objective reporting as currently practised in Fleet Street. Although it did not go so far as the *Sunday Dispatch*, which had proclaimed the previous day that "all agree on Suez safeguards", by Monday the *Daily Telegraph* was already reporting a complete triumph for British diplomacy. "The conference," its lead story boldly stated, "has been an outstanding success and vindication of the policy adopted by Britain from the start." According to its leading article of that day, "progress and achievement alike at the Suez conference seem certain to satisfy the expectation of its convenors. . . . The Anglo-French view . . . has enlisted the support of a majority larger than at first seemed assured". It was necessary to turn to the *Manchester Guardian* to discover that although, as the *Guardian* said in its leading article "the conference is going better than was to be expected" because "the case for international control has been presented by Mr. Dulles and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd with tact and moderation (so far, at any rate)," the talks were in fact just entering their "most delicate stage". Unlike the *Telegraph*, the *Guardian* was at pains

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to point out in its front page news report that although a majority appeared to support the Dulles plan, Russia, Spain and the Asian countries do not accept it, and a number of others, including Denmark and Norway, supported the principle of internationalisation only on condition that its practical application must be left for discussion between the United Nations and Egypt. The only reference to the attitude of the Scandinavian countries made by the *Telegraph* was to claim—in its leader—that the Anglo-French view was shared by "neutral Sweden".

For readers of the *Daily Express* the news was "This is crisis day for the 22-power London conference". "Russia", a headline jubilantly proclaimed, "Is In A Spot." The *Daily Mail* devoted its leading article to the task of helping forward a peaceful settlement of the crisis by describing Nasser as "a power-drunk psychopath" and the "Führer of Greater Arabia", and announced in its news columns that the Suez talks were moving to "a final showdown with Nasser". It prophesied that the conference would end on Tuesday night. The *News Chronicle*, on the other hand, with a fuller and altogether less impassioned survey of the results of the week-end conversations, opened its report with the clear statement: "Whatever the outcome of the 22-nation London conference on Suez one thing was clear last night—there will be NO ultimatum to Nasser." The only daily paper to attempt to discover in detail the Egyptian reaction to the Dulles proposals and the kind of solution the Egyptians themselves had in mind was the *Herald*, which led with a story, "Egypt Explains Her Suez Plan", by W. N. Ewer. He strongly criticised the government for making no attempt to discover what the Egyptian case was and for refusing to make any contact of any kind with Wing-Commander Sabry.

By Tuesday India's intervention had made most papers take a further look at the conference prospects. Even the *Telegraph* reported that "The conference has come to a parting of the ways," while the *Herald* expressed the opinion that Mr. Krishna Menon had "upset all the plans of the three western powers" and the *Mirror* informed its readers at considerable length on its back page that hopes of any settlement of the Suez crisis had been dimmed. Its front page was entirely taken up by a matter of even more pressing public importance: the question of why Princess Margaret had chosen for her twenty-sixth birthday a photograph "forlorn, pensive, wistful, thoughtful and a little sad" instead of, as on her twenty-fifth birthday, one with a smile.

The Times was incited by Mr. Menon's proposals to yet another of those outbursts which have characterised it throughout the crisis. After accusing Mr. Menon of dashing the hopes of a speedy end to the Suez conference with an acceptance of Mr. Dulles's "constructive and conciliatory proposals by an overwhelming majority" it chose once again to rattle the sabre: "While the conference is in suspense it may be well to pause and recapitulate what is at stake for Britain. For her, and indeed for the whole of Western Europe, this crisis is at least as vital as the Berlin airlift or the outbreak of the Korean war." The comparisons are significant. The reminder that "a British government owes a duty to defend the interests of the people whom it represents and governs" was followed by the flat warning, with none of the safeguarding analysis of actual facts found desirable by the *Sunday Times* the previous Sunday, that unemployment and lower standards of living would ensue if the reaction to "Nasser's threat" were insufficiently strong.

There were few others to follow *The Times*—except, of course, for the *Mail* and *Express* which have scarcely let up for breath all through in their determination to present the issues in the most bellicose terms. By Wednesday, the general line was one of moderation, with the *Guardian* and the *News Chronicle* leading the way in urging the necessity for flexibility in the negotiations that must follow the conference. "If the British and French governments," said the *Guardian*, "had any illusion before the conference that a use of force might be condoned—and there is ground for thinking that they did—they should know better now." Let us hope, although there is no evidence of it yet, that *The Times* will soon do so too.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Rough Weather

LAST year was a light crop of hay and fine weather. For once we didn't even have to turn the rows. They dried sweetly and were ready to put up after two days' sun. This year we had a heavy crop, full of clover and thick, strawy grass, even on the sown-out field, which seemed as bare as a desert when we took the nurse crop of oats off it last September. This year it was not easy weather, even for cutting the hay, and we were well into July before the first field was finished.

Everything had to be turned. I came back soft from the P.E.N. Congress and blistered the inside of my thumb quick enough with the rake handle. Now I'm hard-handed again, but if this rain goes on. . . . Sheneval, the upper field, is half cut. The rains began when the cutting was on, so there is a patch left, getting brown and seedy, the red clover like bushes. The cut hay has young grass growing through it already, so that raking will be extra hard.

The first field is in small conical ricks—the pikes of the north country. We rope these as we put them up, twisting the end of the stack ropes round a wisp of hay pulled out as in the start of a hay rope, but the next day they are slack and have to be tightened again. Round Tarbert they are netted with old fishing net and in some places one puts an opened-out sack over the top for extra protection. After our worst gales one or two had their tops off, but they should stand without getting too much rain-water blown into them. They need to wait at least a fortnight before we bring them into the stack-yard. There are 40 of them in the Mains field, three big stacks, we hope, which means about two tons to the acre. This is a light crop on the national average, but better than average for our poor soil. Before we get them off the field there will be a heavy aftermath of new grass growing round them.

I had a lovely oat crop standing green and high in the lower part of the Mains field. It is "Forward," a comparatively new oat which did well in the Kintyre field trials. It stood the first rain but now it is beginning to go down in the corners. It would be worse but that this field catches any wind there is and dries out quickly. But, as the rain goes on with autumnal force, I get more and more gloomy about its prospects. Between here and Campbeltown all the barley and half the oats are flat as though they'd been rolled on.

It all means so much more work, first the hay, then the corn. All the laid oats will have to be scythed out and bound by hand, a wet and back-breaking job. These hand-bound sheaves are the worst to dry when they are stooked, needing more shifting. And the coarse, much wetted, hay loses a lot of its feeding value. Some of this could be avoided by having silage and I keep on thinking about the possibility. It is easy enough if there is a fairly dry piece of sloping land close to the steading, where one can dig out a pit silo and line it with cement. But my only bit of hill in the corner of Sheneval is not only very wet, but faces straight on to the main road which in summer, when one would be making silage, is full of car traffic. I would have to have a built-up silo, which is much more expensive and less easy to make a success of.

The old horse, now 23 years old, worked quite hard in the rake. I did the last bit of raking in the Mains field and brought him in by myself. It was so long since I had unharnessed him that I had quite forgotten what came first, and, in fact, the harness is very old and full of unexpected bits of rope fastening this to that. But Jo, tossing his head and making faces at me, managed to convey what I ought to do. He is very rheumatic, poor dear, but looks well and occasionally frolics ponderously.

When he has raked the hay into rows we pick it up with a "tumbling tom" on the back of the Land-Rover. But the Land-Rover has a habit of getting hay wound round its most intimate guts and then we all have to crawl under it with knives. I have now got a buck-rake to go at the back on the Ferguson tractor, and one of my neighbours is going to lend me a swathe-turner, which will first turn the hay and then, at the change of a gear, sweep two rows into one, ready for the buck-rake. It would be nice if we could combine more with our instruments; and we are all willing, but the weather forces us all to use them at the same time. I may have to get a swathe-turner for myself—I can't think that Jo has much more work in him. But I am chipping in on one labour-saver: a scarifier and gapper which cleans the turnip drills up to the level of the seedlings and then knocks out gaps so that thinning is much easier. In past years thinning has been a tinker's job, but our local tinker family is going to Corby to work on steel instead of turnips. Some of my turnips were thinned by the skipper of a herring boat—one of the beautiful Clyde ring-netters, but got with a government grant and loan, which means that the Herring Industry Board has its eye on every shilling the skipper-owner can make. No herring in Kilbrennan Sound: no herring at the Isle of Man: chancy herring in the Minch and money to pay out before you get there. But insurance and interest mounts up and a paternal government is ready with the big stick.

Tarbert fair was wet, too. There was nothing faintly attractive about the draggled stalls with their coconuts and shoddy tableware prizes. Lachlan and I gave them a look over while we were waiting for our beasts to come up at the sale. I had seven Galloway bullocks and three Ayrshire queys in. But they came late in the sale and the prices were disappointing, especially for the three bigger bullocks, a nice little lot, but they only went to £73 10s. With beef prices the way they are, someone is going to make a good thing out of them after a few months' finishing. The yeld Galloway cow which I had fattened on grass alone did much better at the Campbeltown grading market.

I can never see myself getting good at the buying and selling side of farming. And just the same, some of my fishermen friends who are keen and hard working and good at their job will never be any use at the business side of it. And the Herring Industry Board, with its good old *laissez-faire* admiration of economic man at his most business-like, will judge these men accordingly and—unless it can be brought home to them that there are other criteria—weigh down the balance against them with a heavy fist.

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

Measure for Measure

For some years all productions of *Measure for Measure* will have to pay their tribute to Mr. Peter Brook. His version at Stratford five years ago with Sir John Gielgud as Angelo has become in our memories a classic. A less clever and wise producer than Mr. Quayle might have tried to avoid the comparison by striking wilfully off in some different direction. Mr. Quayle has the good sense to remember his predecessor with the result that his production, taken by and large, is a success. The problem of the play is not solved; perhaps it is indeed insoluble. But a great deal is done with its workable parts, and it makes an engrossing evening.

Mr. Quayle has taken the description of it as "a dark comedy" pretty literally, and Miss Tanya Moiseivitsch provides a practicable permanent set enclosing us within the bars of a dark prison. Perhaps we could have done with a little more contrasting light and colour, but the contrast that Mr. Quayle chooses to inject is between the comic and the serious characters. Myself, I cannot see that there is any way of taking the serious characters so seriously, at least at this date. If we grant that virginity was something prized in that period in a way that we no longer understand, Isabella's refusal to sacrifice hers to save her brother's life is understandable enough. But in that moral climate the Duke's device of substituting Marianna for Isabella to satisfy Angelo's lust in the dark becomes even less excusable. Miss Margaret Johnston, instead, offers a modern gloss—the repressed spinster to whom the idea of sacrificing herself is intolerable on intense, personal grounds. She makes herself the kind of woman who simply couldn't do it, not within a given framework of social convention but within a given personality, and Miss Johnson plays this personality with such sincerity and truth that it works admirably for the value of the scenes both with her brother (nicely played by Emrys James) and Angelo.

I was most interested and pleased to see this reading given and given so authoritatively. Where it falls down is that her acceptance of the Duke at the end becomes a purely perfunctory and quite arbitrary effect of winding up. Indeed, as it is played here the whole of the second part of the play becomes one long artificial winding-up, somewhat tediously prolonged. Mr. Brook, I remember, got round this by putting his emphasis on the element of the Tests. Everyone is put to a test, Angelo by his promotion, Claudio by his sentence, Isabella by her temptations. Then the tension is held to the very end of the last act, when there comes the final and most important test of all—the re-testing of Isabella. Will she or will she not plead for Angelo's life? And when she does, the happy ending follows. Mr. Quayle does not miss this, of course, but it is not built up to and doesn't quite succeed in the playing as being the moment of truth—or, rather, of resolution. Mr. Emlyn Williams gives Angelo the conventional interpretation, a pale, cold legalist, giving way to a gust of lechery: and he does it with his usual assurance and command. The bawdy comics were excellent. Mr. Alan Badel added a new dimension to Lucio, a delightfully affected exquisite, managed with a perfection of restraint and quietly pert timing; and Mr. Patrick Wymark as Pompey challenged comparison with Mr. George Rose of the previous production.

* * *

The death of Bertolt Brecht is, on any reasonable estimate of him as a writer and producer, a sad loss to the theatre. At the very lowest his theories and his practice were such that they were going to involve us all in fierce controversies and debates of the kind that can only be healthy for any art. His theories are on record, it is true, and can be read; but he himself, by all accounts that I have heard, was in discussion warm and undogmatic in a way that one might not guess from reading his dry theoretical explanations. And his disciples—unless they are very different from the usual run of disciples—are likely to do him a disservice by insisting on the letter of his theories, when what would be valuable would be the spirit.

It would be idle to pretend that Brecht had much, if any, influence here, even though all over the continent he has been acclaimed as a new spirit in the theatre. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, we have never for some reason had much sympathy for the German theatre. Schiller and Goethe are completely foreign to our stages, which have at least a nodding acquaintance with the French classical repertoire. The expressionism of the Twenties, which flourished in Germany, had virtually no effect on our insularity, and so it is hardly surprising if we resist that extension of it that is Brecht's theatre.

Secondly, no doubt, there is the question of translatability. Brecht was primarily a poet, but the vigour and condensation of his language have evidently not reached us in a translation which does them justice. When we are told by his countrymen that he is the nearest thing to Shakespeare since Shakespeare, we remain sceptical because no version that we have seen suggests this. And we have few reliable guides in the matter of German writing. For twenty critics and cicerones who guide us to the values of French literature there is hardly one to do the same for German.

Finally, I suppose, we have been resistant to Brecht for the very simple reason that he regarded the theatre as a place of instruction, while we cling to our benighted belief that it is a place of amusement, where if we learn anything it is in the sideways manner that art teaches, not in the direct manner that the propagandist does. So, when Shaw proclaimed, years before Brecht, that the theatre ought to be the modern equivalent of the Church, we preferred to think that one of his jokes and were the more easily able to do so, because he dressed up his propaganda so entertainingly that we swallowed whatever pills there were without noticing it. This is less easy to do with Brecht, whose later method is necessarily geared, whether completely or not, to a State policy on æsthetics. During the next three weeks, from August 27, we shall be able to see for ourselves, for Brecht's company, which is called the Berliner Ensemble, is coming over to the Palace Theatre with three of his plays, *Mother Courage*, *Trumpet and Drums*, which is a free adaption of Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer* and the *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. Even those without any German, we are told, will feel the impact of Brecht's remarkable talent as a producer.

T. C. Worsley

Tough Girls

In my ideal ballet company I have an impression that the girls are soft and exquisite, the men hard and vigorous. But on the stage today this is seldom the case. The men are sometimes soft and generally exquisite, one way or another, while the women are both hard and vigorous. It is most curious that the genders should have so changed their natural places in an art which would seem carefully designed to show off the opposing physical attributes of the two sexes. That these attributes have got muddled up in the minds of directors, choreographers and dancers, and that the change-over is in this country accepted with gulps of delight by the audience, shows that ballet is capable of more fundamental and revolutionary conversions than would appear from its outwardly transient nature. In our own English companies it is the female characteristics of the male dancers that chiefly impress; in American companies the male qualities of the female dancers are definitely in the ascendant.

The American Ballet Theatre company is now performing at Covent Garden under the direction of Lucia Chase and Oliver Smith. This is a well-balanced company (allowing for the fact that the girls are somewhat tough), having a ballerina and a *premier danseur* both of the first rank, with good supporting dancers. Nora Kaye is not a classical ballerina, but she is one of the greatest dancer-tragediennes I have seen. Her taut face and

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generous movement express dramatic emotion with a mixture of violence and refinement that, in Agnes de Mille's unsavoury *River Fall Legend*, are displayed with overwhelming effect. This ballet tells the story of a neurotic girl in the late nineteenth century who is driven by hatred of her vicious step-mother to murder both parents with an axe. The horror is over-long and over-emphasised, so that by the end our interest fails. But in the first half, when the girl watches herself as a child at the death of her mother, watches herself impotently rage against the new step-mother, there are such delicate layers of feeling, such gusts of emotional frustration that it seems a shame they should be obscured by the less inventive second half. The ballet is worth seeing for Nora Kaye's superb tragedy mime, and for the extraordinary interleaving of passion which Miss de Mille has designed for the girl remembering herself as a child.

Eric Bruhn, the *premier danseur* of the company, comes of a very different breed. He is a classical dancer of unsullied technique, with a face and body so beautiful, so like a blond prince in a fairy story, that I would have applauded him for his appearance alone. He danced in the Black Swan *pas de deux* from *Le Lac des Cygnes* with a purity and elegance that was without one exquisite affectation. Miss Rosella Hightower, kicking herself into frenzies of pirouettes, in no way matched the calm assurance of the Danish star.

Les Sylphides, which opened the programme, was marked by the virile expressions on the faces of the fairies, all saving Ruth Ann Koesun, who danced the prelude with poetic grace. *Fancy Free,* about sailors on shore leave, was as gay as ever. I have seen the solos more efficiently executed, but the charm and humour of Jerome Robbins' slick choreography was never better expressed.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Fiction and Documentary

ONCE upon a time there was such a thing as "documentary", and we all knew what it was. It was Grierson's *Drifters* and Watt's *North Sea* and Wright's *Song of Ceylon* and the brilliant and beautiful films Humphrey Jennings made of wartime life in England. Documentary implied real people caught in the business of living real lives. It involved director and camera-man alike in a long and loving patience. It was opposed not to art, for it produced some of the best film art we have, but to fiction. It was, in a sense, on oath. It seemed to have, and no doubt very genuinely did, some relation to the social consciences both of its makers and of its audiences. But the real excitement for the audience, and, I suspect, for its makers as well, lay in the discovery of hitherto unsuspected images and patterns of visual beauty. The motive behind its making was as much æsthetic as social, and so was its appeal. And documentary was successful in proportion to the care with which the limits it imposed upon itself were conformed to.

Well, something called documentary remains, and what looks like the documentary tradition of British films has largely been taken over by television. The trouble is, documentary has come to mean far too much, which is another way of saying that it has come to mean whatever you want it to mean. The confusion resulting goes far, it seems to me, to explain the unsatisfactory nature of many current TV programmes that announce themselves as "documentary".

We had, for example, last week *Woman Alone,* according to the *Radio Times* "a documentary programme describing the problems and dilemma of an unmarried mother". Now one sees the difficulties involved in the genuine documentary treatment of such a subject. They are so many as to make it virtually impossible. Whether the bearing of an illegitimate child is regarded as a sign of sin or merely as a social inconvenience, to be an unmarried mother still carries a stigma, and the television screen does nothing if it does not confer wide recognition on those who appear on it. The unmarried mothers, therefore, have to be impersonated by actresses; and straight away an initial confusion comes into existence. Are we to ignore—is it, indeed, possible to ignore—the fact that the woman on the screen is an actress? We are forced, it seems to me, to make some judgment about her performance as an actress; but as soon as we reach the point where we find ourselves saying, "This young lady is acting the part of an unmarried mother jolly well", surely we are already a long way from the intention of the programme which, if it is documentary at all, is to show us a transcript from life. We are, in fact, reacting to it as though it were art.

In *Woman Alone,* the acting was as adequate as the dialogue allowed it to be. But here another complication enters. Mr. Colin Morris, who wrote the script, had not only to dramatise the plight of the unmarried mother; he had also to fulfil the documentary function of giving us information. So the dialogue had to carry a double burden. It was here, as it seemed to me, that disaster occurred. It was clever of Mr. Morris to make the unmarried mother whose story he was following a schoolteacher: she could be accepted as intelligent, aware and articulate. Yet her very intelligence, awareness and articulateness, by contrast with the other unmarried mothers with whom she found herself, made her, I am afraid, emerge as a quite dreadful prig. In the end, dramatically she lost our sympathy.

Woman Alone was neither one thing nor the other; neither a documentary in the genuine sense nor a work of fiction. That may be put another way: it was neither documentary enough nor fictitious enough. Because it fell between the two it lost most of the virtues of either. Mr. Morris, it seems to me, doubtless because of the nature of his assignment, began at the wrong end. He had to describe problems and dilemmas. That is how you begin when you contemplate the "unmarried mother" in the abstract, as a class. But it is not the novelist's or the dramatist's approach. They begin with the individual human being, and the emphasis that results is different. It may be summed up in the old proposition that life—even for unmarried mothers—is not a problem to be solved but a reality to be experienced. Documentary and fiction, I believe, should be kept as distinct and as far apart as possible. Both are valuable, but they should not be mixed. If a subject cannot be accorded documentary treatment in the strict sense it had better be treated as fiction, but fiction presented as fiction. It is this that I wish Mr. Morris had been allowed to do the other evening. One of the functions of fiction, after all, is to enlarge the human sympathies, but it does so by presenting not problems but human beings who have to live their lives as best they can.

Meanwhile, if we are looking for documentary in the old sense on television, we shall find it, I suspect, much more commonly in programmes that are not labelled documentary at all; for example, in the unpretentious but often visually beautiful films of bird life that Mr. James Fisher and Mr. Peter Scott show us.

WILLIAM SALTER

Hard Work

THE musical public loves to see someone working really hard for his living, but at the Albert Hall the other night, when Humphrey Searle's piano concerto was given its first London performance, this was sometimes all they *could* do. Clive Lythgoe was obviously playing well, but in spite of its brilliance much of the piano writing failed to penetrate the elaborate orchestral texture. It is difficult to believe that Searle has solved the problem of producing a sustained work with an expressionist vocabulary and at the same time bringing solo instrument and orchestra into a significant relationship. What remains in the memory is a series of orchestral effects—gestures rather than an act.

If Searle's concerto seemed incoherent, Martinu's Suite Concertante for violin and orchestra was clear-cut to the point of obviousness. Still, if its melodic feebleness doesn't disqualify it, it might perhaps take a place in the repertoire beside such display pieces as Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole.* Alan Loveday played brilliantly, but rather too objectively; the work is not substantial enough to do without virtuosic "presentation."

The most pleasing of the week's new works was Arthur Benjamin's Piano Concerto, described in its title as *quasi una fantasia.* If this is an apology it is unnecessary, for its three continuous movements hang together quite convincingly for most of their course, in spite of frequent changes of tempo and texture; only the last movement seems a little uncomfortable, wearing its passacaglia form like a well-cut straitjacket. Written to celebrate the composer's silver jubilee as a concert pianist, the concerto abounds in effective solo writing, Rachmaninovian in lay-out if not harmonically; Lamar Crowson played it with great assurance, though once again the hall sometimes submerged him in orchestral backwash.

JEREMY NOBLE

Bad Seed or Poor Sowing?

The Bad Seed (at Warner's) has a theme quite startling: the too-perfect child who is already a skilled murderer. Little Rhoda (8), with her saccharine manners and blond pigtails, appals us as has many a precocious infant. She has nice, comfortably off parents, is an only child, spoilt, staid, too good to be true, hiding something. That this something should be murder is gradually and skilfully revealed. At a school picnic a small boy, who has won the penmanship medal she covets, is mysteriously drowned. Suspicion points at her. She is, of course, all innocence. But her mother begins to stumble upon the truth, and after a tussle helped by events extorts a confession. This, then, is the situation: the mother knows (a previous death is also involved), and this knowledge touches off a doubt she has always had about her own parentage; she gets her father to admit that she was adopted—the daughter of a famous murderess! Has the taint been transmitted?

Now this smacks of the stage: the plot, the question, the characters all there because they serve a purpose, the weather, the backdrops, even the entrances and exits too closely dove-tailed. The father has to be away, so as to make the mother's crisis more intense. There is an "aunt" always talking psychoanalysis and spoiling the child. A half-wit gardener, referred to as being "aged eight", ferrets out the horrible secret. Everything coincides, in a way that may have been effective on the stage, but is here too much. I haven't seen Mr. Maxwell Anderson's play, or read the novel on which it was based, but *The Bad Seed* has all the sound and look of "strong" drama with weaknesses that the screen has enlarged. Towards the end two murders have been followed by a third (setting light to the half-wit in a boiler room), and when there is a further hint of pushing the spoiling "aunt" off a high roof, the audience titters. And it is quite right. The thing is becoming funny. Then little Miss Melodrama has to go out in a thunderstorm and be struck by lightning. Meanwhile her mother has tried to kill her with sleeping draughts, and shoot herself—succeeding in neither. Strange dramatics. On this turbulent end the bewildered husband returns. And to round it off, a voice exclaims from the screen, "Don't go"; and all the actors come on and bow, Nancy Kelly as the mother now all smiles, the half-wit sane, the little prig killer (Patty McCormack) suddenly quick and spontaneous, and for a final tableau, mamma spanking brat. If this means anything, it means that all this hullabaloo could have been saved by a firm hand. This may well be so. But last-minute common sense cannot save would-be tragedy. The "bad seed" here, I suspect, is that which has destroyed so many films: too many minds, novelist's, playwright's, two adapters', and in this case the thing comes reeking of the theatre. Not that it hasn't still a compelling if ill-worked theme, and long moments when that theme prevails: for example, in the child's tardy confession, and in her conversations with the half-wit. But what might have been an annihilating film is, with Mervyn Leroy's production and direction, drama becoming melodrama, a problem play that never quite tackles its problem.

The Wicked Go to Hell (Cameo-Polytechnic) is, as one might guess, pure melodrama, with sex and violence as the sins, but since it is French very capably done. The prison scenes are excellent, with two pals suspected of squealing on one hanged deciding to escape. The escape is good. The trail down to the Camargue is fair. With the temperature dropping all the time Marina Vlady, in streamlined rags, is suddenly introduced. She shares a cabin with a painter. They shoot him, and dispute her. It smoulders on, with some bathing-dress moments and rough clasps, and then she manages to send them off into a quicksand. Directed by Robert Hossein, with Serge Reggiani and Henri Vidal as the escaped murderers, it skilfully if unrewardingly achieves its "X" certificate.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE TREATMENT OF MURDERERS

SIR,—The essence of disagreement between Mr. Klare and Mr. Rolph, on the one hand, and ourselves on the other, is this: We hold that there can be no solution of the problem of the psychopathic offender short of the power to sentence him or, as we should prefer to say, commit him to a treatment centre for an indefinite period; Mr. Klare and Mr. Rolph imply that the principle of indefinite committal for psychopaths is so objectionable that rather than this it would be better if they were treated as ordinary criminals.

Of course, we recognise that the principle might easily be abused in practice, and that any legislation establishing it would have to contain very carefully considered safeguards of the rights of the individual. But with the principle itself we can see nothing wrong. What seems to us to have obscured the issue more than anything else is the distinction drawn between insanity (which has no medical meaning) and psychopathy. But there are psychiatrists in the vanguard of penal reform who consider this distinction essentially an artificial one; and certainly if it went, then the odd conception of "partial responsibility" and the (to us) self-defeating idea of half punishing and half treating a psychopathic offender would go with it. Meanwhile, we should like to put two points to Mr. Klare and Mr. Rolph:

1. ". . . so soon as the East Hubert institution is completed . . . all psychopathic offenders, including murderers, can be transferred to it." Isn't this rather a large statement? Is the East Hubert institution really going to be big enough to house *all* psychopathic offenders—those with short sentences as well as long? And if it is, won't that contradict experience in foreign countries which indicates that such institutions, to be effective, must be kept small? And what guarantee is there, under our present haphazard system, that *all* psychopathic offenders will be diagnosed as such?

2. "Any other criminal psychopath would have the length of his sentence fixed by the court in the normal way, but instead of serving it in an ordinary prison, he could go at once to the East Hubert institution." In other words, a judge, with no knowledge of the medical problem, is to fix the period of treatment, and the doctors are to be bound by it. Isn't this certain, short of a miracle, to have one of two results? Either the patient (offender) will have to remain in the institution after he is cured and after any point in his being there is gone. Or—and this seems to us at once more likely and more dangerous—he will have to be returned to the community uncured, in a state which might well be of the kind that is worse before it can get better. We ask, in all seriousness, how such a system could possibly be of any lasting benefit either to society or to the individual.

GILES PLAYFAIR
DERRICK SINGTON

TSHEKEDI KHAMA

SIR,—Your remarks on the Bechuanaland controversy and the suggestion that "the first move should come from Tshekedi" seem to suggest that Tshekedi has been slow in taking the initiative or has even obstructed a settlement of the question. As one who has known Tshekedi for many years and followed this controversy from the beginning, I feel that this is a very unfair implication.

Throughout this controversy which has gone on for more than seven years it seems to us who have worked with him that Tshekedi has shown quite extraordinary patience and statesmanship in an attempt to compose this question. Had his plea for the establishment of a Legislative Council or some representative body capable of articulating the wishes of the people been heeded many years ago, this question would long ago have been settled by proper constitutional means within his own country, even if the establishment of such a council had necessitated some adjustment of tribal law and custom to meet the needs of a new situation.

In point of fact Tshekedi has never in the course of his own efforts to secure his freedom made any complaints about the actions of those who call themselves Seretse's supporters although he has himself many times been attacked.

It is to be hoped that the government will pursue its own avowed policy of establishing representative councils in the Protectorate with very much greater vigour in view of the importance of Bechuanaland to the shape of the future in that part of Africa.

MICHAEL SCOTT,
Africa Bureau. *Hon. Director.*

GOVERNMENT BY DILETTANTES

SIR,—The most interesting feature of the discussion elicited by my article, "Government by Dilettantes," was the complete absence of the violent defence of the civil service which has been a feature of the political landscape since the war. We have not had those blushmaking testimonials from failed ex-ministers. We have not had those fervent assertions that the civil service in general, and the economic policy makers in particular, are the very best in the world and completely impartial, non-political and neutral. There have been no awkward attempts to deny that all post-war crises in Britain, 1947, 1949, 1951 and 1955 were avoidable; or that *the* economic crisis of post-war Britain could easily have been avoided and Britain, at the head of the sterling area, established as the third important economic development and trading unit. Both correspondents from within the service agree with my analysis of the position but violently disagree with my conclusions.

I doubt, for instance, whether promotion of executive officers will remedy the position. Some brilliant men were certainly recruited from the "ranks." But in general the "executive" officer is a specialist without being an expert. And the present system favours the promotion of those who, when promoted, will be *plus dilettante que le dilettante.* I see no possibility of settling the question by Whitley Council discussion. What is needed is a much greater elasticity in recruitment, much more training and opportunities (sabbatical leaves) to think and re-assess problems and solutions. Above all, the totalitarian system of promotions vested in one single hand which conditions the whole character of the service should be loosened by putting in commission the post of Head of the Civil Service.

Mr. Mayne thinks that my proposals to arm ministers with experts and permit them to leaven the general lump would result in McCarthyism. I must not be made to hold a brief for certain U.S. policies or indeed the American way of life. But are we not imitating both, without the vitality of either? The correspondence on the Lang case shows that all is not well here in that respect. In the U.S. such cases can at least be tested in the courts. Nor must American institutional arrangements be made responsible for certain abuses. The fact that McCarthy and others have abused the Congressional investigative power does not mean that the democratic control of the executive is a bad thing. It exists in fact in the U.S. and not here.

If we compare the success of the U.S. government in the management of their economic system, ought we really to be so complacent as we seem to be? When some of our administrators meet, at conferences, Professor Galbraith or Professor Aissel (who played a prominent part under Truman) or, for that matter, Professor Burns, who is now the chairman of the President's Economic Council, are we sure that our people are the best? The very fact that in the 1919 peace conference the British drafts (written by "outsiders") were the basis of discussion, while in more recent international gatherings it has been the Americans who have produced the thought and the drafts, should make *all* politicians, irrespective of party, think hard.

THOMAS BALOGH
Balliol College,
Oxford.

THE SUEZ CRISIS

SIR,—I would agree with your leading article that a national campaign against the government's war preparation, if led by the Labour Party, would be decisive. A compromise solution for the Canal, favourable to Colonel Nasser, would then have to be accepted. So what? If Britain first reviles Nasser, as Sir Anthony Eden has done, and then meekly climbs down, as you would have us do, Nasser is immediately an Arab hero who has the control of a pan-Arab empire in his grasp. When he achieves this, presumably he will then sell Middle-eastern oil as dearly as he can, and out of the profits buy sufficient Russian arms to ensure that the West never dares to resist his blackmail. Since Middle-eastern oil represents to the west-European consumer a vital monopoly, Socialists, surely, can hardly applaud such "private enterprise." Would you then support force to "internationalise" or "globalise" oil? If so, do you imagine the U.S., or the U.N., would support us

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in this, more particularly when Britain has recently refused to support U.N. ownership of Antarctica?

The unpleasant truth, I fear, is that one day Britain will have to endeavour to enforce supra-national law. The sooner she understands that this can't be done till the appropriate machinery for world law-making exists the better. **Henry Usborne**

House of Commons.

Sir,—Reading your last two issues on the Suez crisis, I gradually became haunted by the fancy that I had heard it all before—years ago, and from a different quarter. Fancy turned to conviction when I analysed your main contentions, your insistence that a provoked Colonel Nasser had only done what he had a perfect right to do, that warlike preparations by the West were unjustified, and that in any case we do not possess military power enough to challenge him. Suddenly I realised that almost precisely such arguments had been used by Right-Wing Tories in 1931 and 1935-6 when condoning Japanese and Italian aggression. To what tragedies did such condonation not lead us!

It is reasonable enough to dislike imperialism and to welcome the death agonies of colonialism—provided they are replaced by supra-nationalism, the World State. From that ideal, alas! we are still as far removed as ever. Meanwhile, in what way is Arab or African or Asian nationalism a change for the better? Are not all nationalisms odious?

What faith can we rest in Nasser's word, broken so soon after the evacuation of the Canal Zone? Or in the authority of the United Nations, whom Nasser has flouted with impunity for the last two years over the question of shipments to Israel? Law, logic and gratitude rarely enter into politics, particularly in the East. Fear, respect for strength—those are the factors that count. The Arab world ranges itself behind Nasser not to the last man, but to his first reverse. Because we have all clung stubbornly to national sovereignty, we are back in the ugly old poker game of Have and Have-not, or See-How-Much-You Can-Get-Away-With. In that game, surely our first duty is to the living standard of our own people, which Nasser and the retrograde forces of Arab nationalism seem about to threaten?

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WITNESSES IN LIMERICK

Sir,—D. P. Maguire's defence of Irish fisticuffs won't do. The outraged householders should have invited them in and argued with them in their own inimitable way and sent them off a couple of hours later (never less for a J.W.) with a cup of tea and a respect for the Catholic Church. Force in defence of the Christian religion will not do. In these days, whoever wins, no one will now be burnt or tortured because the state is not behind them; and who is supposed to be better able to give a reason for the faith that is in them than a Roman Catholic, and a Celt at that? **H. C. Alexander**

Uffculme,
Devon.

Sir,—I deny the proposition, implicit in Mr. Davies' letter, that religious liberty includes the right to insult—not merely to argue against—a religion in the homes of its adherents, having entered uninvited in order to do so.

If the action of the Court causes Mr. Davies misgivings, I can only say that the King's Bench in England gave an exactly similar ruling within living memory which is still the law, and which has not, so far as I know, caused any misgivings: Wise v. Dunning (1902), 1 K.B.167.

As regards strong language: I do not know if, to Mr. Davies, "heresy" and "error" are terms as strong as "beast from the pit" and "whore of Babylon." But even if they are, I still say that it is one thing to use strong language in an edict or a letter addressed to one's own adherents, and another to use it in the homes of the adherents of the denomination to which one applies these epithets.

Mr. Davies may be right to say that the Witnesses do not seek to suppress religious liberties but only to propagate their own beliefs. But, considering that the forcible suppression of the Catholic religion in Ireland in the 17th and 18th centuries was the work of people who used language resembling that used by the Witnesses, will not Mr. Davies concede that the Irish are in good faith, whether or not they are in error, in regarding the Witnesses as the B.M.C. strikers regarded the Mosleyites?

D. P. Maguire

72 Western Way,
Barnet.

Sir,—The Limerick case has today been brought vividly to my mind. Trapped on my doorstep by a charming but seemingly immovable foreign lady Witness I was at a loss how to interrupt her monologue. Now, having cravenly accepted some publications to "study," I am left appalled by the promise of another inconvenient and embarrassing visit. What civil but effective answer is there to this type of assault on one's leisure and irreligious liberty?

193 Victoria Road, N.22, **D. N. MacKenzie**

AUTOMATION ECONOMICS

Sir,—The reviewer of my book *The Economic Consequences of Automation*, Professor Asa Briggs, may be right or may be wrong in his cocksure assumption that automation is bound to be a slow process. But why does he not choose a more intelligent argument in support of this view? The fact that a home-made pressure-cooker existed in 1680, interesting as it is historically, is delightfully irrelevant from the point of view of assessing the present and future economic significance of automation.

Would it not seem somewhat foolish if somebody tried to argue, for instance, that merely because hire-purchase credit can be traced back to ancient Rome, its spectacular expansion in recent years is of relatively small importance, and of the prospects of its future expansion discussion merely diverts argument from more pressing social and economic issues? There is, of course, room for more than one opinion about the rate at which automation is likely to proceed. But the logic of the reasoning implied in your reviewer's remarks, that because the past progress of automation has been slow there is no need to envisage a considerable acceleration of its pace in the future, falls somewhat short of the standards of scholarship that your readers are entitled to expect.

Your reviewer, while denying the existence of Automation Economics, gives me credit, somewhat grudgingly, for having pointed out one of the special problems arising from automation—that of the difference between the economic effects of automation in expanding and contracting economies. To the best of my knowledge this point has not been touched upon in any writings on Innovation Economics, simply because in pre-automation days it did not arise in an essential way. My book contains a number of similar points—considerations of space prevent me from dealing with them here—which were summarily dismissed by your reviewer in a somewhat contemptuous reference to my "catalogues of economic causes and effects of automation".

Incidentally, I really think Professor Briggs ought to make up his mind whether my book is "useful in stimulating thought" or whether it is liable to "stop people from thinking". Because he really cannot have it both ways. **Paul Einzig**

120 Cliffords Inn, E.C.4.

CRABB'S LAST DIVE

Sir,—The incoherent, the stateless and the dead are the easiest people to attack. Consequently Paul Johnson, in his review of Marshall Pugh's biography, is on safe ground when he takes to task the late Commander Crabb, who did not have a single serious political thought in his head, who was a man without roots, and who now lies somewhere under the sea.

Your reviewer has jerry-built a case against Crabb as an odd-job-man of war. He was a "pitiful figure", a refugee from a Waugh novel who would take risks in order to "scrape a living". The end of the war, we are told, brought him back to an apparently pointless reality.

It is true that Crabb saw the war as a "temporary salvation" rather than as a temporary damnation. But he was not, as Johnson hints, a political irresponsible. Both during and after the war he acted with a refreshing if slightly warped honesty which, as we have seen, was lacking in those who finally directed his movements. To suggest that his ludicrous last dive was "anti-social" is to attack the private but not the general, the courtier but not the king.

For myself, I am convinced that the world would be a saner and a safer place for the absence of people like Crabb. In so far as they do exist, however, let us pay at least a mute tribute to their integrity, for it is the only worth-while quality and one which is rarely found.

Keith Waterhouse

5 Stamford Brook Mansions,
London, W.6.

THE AWFUL DARING

Sir,—I would be most grateful if you would allow me to correct a serious misprint in my poem, "The Awful Daring of a Moment's Surrender", which appeared in last week's *New Statesman*. The third line of the first verse should have read:

"For suicide is by the large end aided",

and not as it was printed. I only take up your space to make this correction because the misprint rendered the line not only verbally but also rhythmically meaningless. Perhaps I should add that the printer may quite possibly have been baffled by my rather inexpert proof-reading!

431 Banbury Road, **Elizabeth Jennings**
Oxford.

ALL THE CONSPIRATORS

Sir,—I am surprised to find a glaring misquotation at the beginning of John Raymond's article under the above title in your issue of August 18.

"I embrace Thee, ye millions" was not said by Goethe, either in his Conversations with Eckermann or elsewhere, but by Schiller in his "Hymn to Joy", which is, or ought to be, familiar to all those who know Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Rowlands Avenue, **René Elvin**
Hatch End.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Twice Martyred

THESE Elizabethan martyrs, these Jesuits who kept the faith alive, creeping from priest-hole to priest-hole in the days of persecution, until they were barbarously executed or escaped back to Rome or Seville to write their autobiographies, have become a great bore. It is not their fault. Many of them were admirable men, and the sympathy of Protestant Englishmen is naturally given to those who dedicate their lives to a dangerous cause. Such men are an *élite,* with the moral firmness, the self-discipline, the intellectual quality of an *élite,* and in our comfortable, uninspired age we listen readily to their voices: those clear, eloquent, sensitive voices which speak to us so freshly, without advertisement or self-pity, even from the catacombs, even from the scaffold. And yet after only five years—for it is only five years since Father Caraman's excellent translation of Gerard's autobiography set the fashion—they have become bores. Poor things, they have been martyred again: martyred not by Protestants but, once again, by those more comfortable co-religionists who push them forth, *perinde ac cadavera,* to maintain an unreal position in a real world.

Consider their first martyrdom. The Jesuit order had a policy: a perfectly clear and consistent policy. It was the reconquest of the Protestant world. It was also a scientific policy, taking account of practical politics. For instance, in monarchical Europe, it was absolutely essential to capture the sovereign. Without a Catholic sovereign there was really, as history showed, no hope. On the other hand even a Catholic sovereign—as was shown in Sweden—could not succeed against a firmly Protestant people unless he could rely, at the crucial moment, on a compact nucleus of educated supporters, ready and able to occupy all key positions. Therefore, in Protestant countries, the Jesuits had a double policy. First, they would look forward to a Catholic sovereign. They would fish for the right heir or groom a pretender. Secondly, and in the meanwhile, they would build up, by missionary work, that essential nucleus of administrators, councillors, inquisitors which such a sovereign would need. When the great day came, when the heretical sovereign was to be removed or the orthodox sovereign installed, these men would have their orders. But meanwhile, of course, they must not compromise themselves. The missionaries were to build up, nurture, extend the Fifth Column, but not to use it—at least not yet. As Pope Gregory XIII clearly instructed them, "in all civil matters they must recognise the Queen of England as their rightful sovereign, respecting her in outward form and speech, *until the Holy See decides otherwise*" (my italics). The ban on disloyal expressions while in England was, as the Jesuit General made clear in his instructions, a matter not of "piety and virtue" but of "prudence".

The policy of the English government, which faced this threat, was equally clear. Queen Elizabeth was a tolerant ruler. She refused "to make windows into men's souls". She did not reciprocate the policy which Pope Pius V, that saint of his Church, enjoined upon Catholic sovereigns: "If your Majesty continues to fight openly and zealously against the enemies of the Church until they are all slaughtered, you may rest assured of divine support." But she was not prepared to tolerate a reconquest. Therefore, if Catholic priests were to avail themselves of her toleration, they must be genuinely unpolitical. It was not enough to be merely discreet, out of "prudence", "until the Holy See decides otherwise". It was not enough to be merely the naive instrument of politicians abroad. They must accept the fact of the Reformation and enjoy—unlike the Protestants of Spain or Italy—"a Mass in a corner".

Between these two policies the Jesuit missionaries had a thin time of it. Some of them were no doubt genuinely unpolitical. But they were agents of a political programme. Their sending was a political act with a political purpose. It was all very well for Fr. Southwell or Fr. Walpole to talk of loyalty to their "most beloved Princess"; but both came over during the war, secretly, from enemy country, Walpole personally bidden God-speed by King Philip himself. Meanwhile their superiors, who sent them, were singing, at a safe distance, a very different tune. Cardinal Allen, the founder of the Mission, was declaring Elizabeth "a most unjust usurper of all nations, an infamous, depraved, accursed, excommunicate heretic, the very shame of her sex and princely name, the chief spectacle of sin and abomination in this our age, the only poison, calamity and destruction of our noble Church and country" and was urging all Catholics to assist the Spanish troops when they landed. As for Fr. Parsons, the chief manager of the enterprise, whom the missionaries were ordered to obey in all things, he had been demure enough when he was himself a missionary in England, but now, in the years of war, he was sitting in Spain, laboriously proving King Philip to be rightful King of England and lamenting the inability of the Spaniards to make good the claim. These were the men who sent Campion, Southwell, Gerard, Walpole to England with instructions not to meddle in politics but only to lay the spiritual foundations of conquest. In such circumstances the English government might well find the boundary between religion and politics obscure. Nevertheless they sought to draw it. Some priests, who seemed politically innocent, they interned or exiled. Those who suffered were the victims not merely of the government but of those who sent them—and, it must be added, of their own almost indecent passion for martyrdom.

Now they are being sent forth again. The aim is a second conquest, the result a second martyrdom. This time it is not Douay but Farm Street which sends them forth, not Spanish politicians but convert-novelists who puff them from behind. The argument is the same: these innocent men, politically so loyal, were destroyed for religion only. The method is the same: the connection between their dove-like innocence and the serpentine subtlety of their managers is obscured. Unfortunately the result is the same also. The modern reader, like the Elizabethan Council, remains unimpressed. He feels that his tolerance is being abused. The special pleading is too special. The arguments, references, texts, so plausibly exhibited have an unfortunately irreducible smell of fish. Consequently, like our ancestors, we cannot take it. Like them, we put "the Bloody Question"—whose orders, in politics, do these men take? It is bloody because it is inconveniently clear; and when it only leads to equivocation we do as our ancestors did. They sent the priests to the scaffold, to cold storage, or back to Flanders; we send their biographies to oblivion, the shelf, or back to Boots.

For what is the technique of these new manipulators of devoted lives? The basic principles are simple. First, there is the distorting background. Nowadays, to carry conviction, a historian must document, or appear to document, his formal narrative, but his background, his generalisations, allusions, comparisons remain happily free from this inconvenience. This freedom is very useful: against an imaginary background even correctly stated facts can be wonderfully transformed. If Elizabethan government, for instance, is regularly described as "totalitarian", if priests are sent to "concentration-camps," if Catholic plots are darkly compared with the burning of the Reichstag, then an image is created which, though undocumented, dominates the mere detail for which alone the author takes responsibility. Moreover, such a background does not even need imagination. Pedestrian apologists who play for safety can construct it very effectively by mere omission. Just as Fr. Philip Hughes has contrived to write a portentous three-volume history of that "immensely harmful" movement, the English Reformation, in which the great religious movement for reform of the Church is unobserved and such details as the burning of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley are never explicitly mentioned, so Fr. Devlin, in his new biography of Robert Southwell*, contrives never to mention the interesting and relevant fact that throughout Southwell's mission England and Spain were at war. This is a remarkable achievement. Needless to say, it greatly helps his argument. The argument, it may be added, can do with such help.

The second principle of this new technique is more positive. It is the principle of unequal scholarship: the scrupulous straining at small historical gnats which diverts attention from the silent digestion of large and inconvenient camels. How choosily these Jesuit historians nibble when the matter is of no great significance (thus winning tributes to their scholarship from lay reviewers), and yet what enormous gulps they take when no one—they think—is looking! How learnedly Fr. Caraman, for instance, annotates those minor recusant gentry, tracing their manors, their marriages and their movements; and yet, when it comes to a significant point—say, Sir Robert Cecil's attitude to the Spanish claims—he unhesitatingly gives us an answer which, though convenient to him, can be

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* *The Life of Robert Southwell: Poet and Martyr.* by CHRISTOPHER DEVLIN, S.J. *Longmans.* 21s.

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blown sky-high by mere reference to the sources! How learnedly Fr. Devlin refutes his own misquotation from Professor Conyers Read (whose name he regularly mis-spells); and yet, when a document is inconvenient, he summarily declares it first a probable, then, by an inconspicuous transition, a known forgery! Whenever the Jesuits are involved in controversy, their version of the facts, we are told, is "the only accurate account," "far closer to the truth" than any other, contemporary or modern. On the Babington Plot, for instance, through whose intricacies Fr. Devlin has led the grateful Fr. Caraman, modern scholars receive "serious reproach" for accepting "a whole edifice of lies . . . in violation of the known truth—*i.e.*, what a Jesuit said was the truth. And then there are those nasty priests who really did wish to separate religion from politics and refused to follow the Jesuit line. They, of course, get short shrift. They were, we are told, "a small faction among the clergy which was to do incalculable damage to the recusant cause" and whose "claim to represent the English clergy was fantastic." A mere whisper is enough to prove them all "Walsingham's spies." The "real recusant spirit" was, of course, that of the Jesuits only.

Was it really? If the Jesuits had succeeded—as they might very easily have done, had the Queen of Scots lived and Elizabeth died—that argument might be advanced, for then at least it could not be disproved. But in fact they failed. They played for high stakes—total reconquest or nothing—and lost, leaving behind them only heroic martyrdoms, bitter quarrels and a bad name for centuries. And yet Catholicism was preserved in England; emancipation, delayed by the recollection of Jesuit claims, was at last achieved; the faith, by then, had dwindled but not died. Who had preserved it? It was the lay-recusants, the despised secular clergy, "Walsingham's spies." No doubt they will continue to preserve it; but now, as then, their task is not made easier by these incorrigible manipulators of those poor missionaries.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

Loch Ness: The Great Fault

There is a loch of tears with great monsters in it,
Though no one believes in them but I who have seen them.
They come skulking and rippling through, minute by minute,
Leaving the waters dark and disturbed between them.

Here stand reflected mountains of ancient guilt,
Half bare, half forested with witch-loved spruces.
Along their flanks a narrow road has been built,
From end to end trailing its own abuses.

But on the bright surface boats are constantly going,
For fish or trade, merry with the lock-keepers' daughters,
As Adam was merry with Eve under green leaves growing,
Forgetting what always lies under the deep waters.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Walter Allen's review of *The New Outline of Modern Knowledge* has been held over till next week's issue.

The Prevailing Passion

César Birotteau. By HONORÉ DE BALZAC. *Elek Books.* 15*s.*

Translation has emerged from the state of sweated labour into an art since the bad period which reached its depths in America at the beginning of the century. Tolstoy and the other Russians have since been rescued, but certain writers who are out of fashion need still to be retrieved. Balzac is an example. Good versions of *Eugénie Grandet, Le Père Goriot, Les Illusions Perdues* now exist, but for an English translation of the complete works we still have to rely on the rather laboured edition which Professor Saintsbury edited for Macmillans' 50 or 60 years ago and which can only be picked up second-hand. These versions are painstaking but they show leaden signs of toil. A new attempt in several volumes upon a part of the *Comédie Humaine* is now being made and in *César Birotteau* we have the first volume, introduced by Edward D. Sullivan of Princeton. Certainly this new translation is fresh and brisk in its movement. It appears to be shorter than it was in the Saintsbury edition and suspicious examination shows that the present translator has not made cuts but is a cleaner-up of redundant phrases. There is some slang which has not yet graduated into the simplicities of genuine idiom, and on the whole I find the translation of the ball scene in the Saintsbury edition more sensitive if longer-winded; but this new version is very readable.

The reader of the *Comédie Humaine* can begin anywhere. *César Birotteau* comes fairly early on, in 1837—*La Cousine Bette,* for example, is 1846—and we shall pick up two recurring figures: Gaudissart, the superb salesman, and Finot the journalist, here writing ludicrous advertising copy, but destined to go further in *Les Illusions Perdues.* The Birotteau is one of the foundation stories of the edifice of rising middle-class shopkeepers in the comedy and has to bear the burden of a good deal of Balzac's gourmandising digressions into social research. It has startled many readers to see this good, cautious, honest, hard-working and timid perfumer plunging so recklessly into financial speculation; even more startling are the ease with which a shrewd businessman is deceived by sharks and the rapidity of his downfall into bankruptcy. This tale is, on strict inspection, as unplausible as any melodramatic moral tale. There are two defences against the criticism. One is Balzac's passion for financial detail, the ins and outs of loans, mortgages, discounting, leases, which culminates in this novel with an exposition of the laws of bankruptcy that is said to be a model for French law students. No other novelist in the world has approached Balzac's understanding of the movements of money. So Birotteau's situation is presented with an accountant's exactitude, even if we are not sure that he would ever have got into it. The second defence is Birotteau *might* have got into it because he is a kind of stand-in for Balzac himself: he has the romantic imagination. Balzac himself had done far wilder things in his business ventures than buying up hazel nuts wholesale in order to patent a basis of nut oil for a new hair restorer. The creative side of manufacture is not initiated by the merely calculating. Birotteau is a romantic and Popinot, his son-in-law, is of the same disposition: when he attacks the Macassar oil monopoly, employs the fantastic Gaudissart as a salesman and Finot as a copy writer, he is creating modern business, and will go further than Birotteau just as we are sure the awful Lupin will go further than Mr. Pooter. We arrive, at last, at the justification of Balzac's research; it was one with a deep and implicated feeling for the dominant passion of his society. We can almost hear the panting of passionate concern in his anxious explorations of the state of bankruptcy. He is immensely on the side of making a fortune, torn between respect for the tradesman's probity and virtue and the splash made by the villainous or the merely ambitious. It is no good reading Balzac unless one can put back into him the tremendous feeling which heaves beneath his sense of human self-interest. I myself prefer *La Maison du Chat qui Pelote* as an account of the small bourgeoisie and especially for its portrait of the shopkeeper's womenfolk; but Birotteau's wife and daughter are not unbearably and colourlessly good. At the ball—that central scene which in every novel Balzac never fails to produce and where he disentangles all his powers—the ladies are very sympathetically " placed ". There's a great deal of difference between the handling of the classical English snobberies of this occasion and Balzac's. His is warm; he is on the side of the vulgar. We so rarely are. I suppose Stendhal is more admired nowadays partly because his snobbery is closer than Balzac's to our own. In any case, for Balzac, snobbery is an aspect of human natural history and is not a crucial interest. Success and the corruptions of success, vitality and the point at which vitality declines; to what point our wishes can take our powers, and at what moment our powers make their diminishing returns: these are his recurring subjects. They are the theme of *La Peau de Chagrin.* The theory of the dominant passion was invented so he could see it in black and white. One understands why the romantic Balzac appealed to the romantic Marx.

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Mind of the Mathematician

I am a Mathematician. By NORBERT WIENER. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

For the majority of us, the mathematical experience is the most foreign of all. We can delude ourselves that we have a nodding acquaintanceship with the mystical experience: it has been written about and round so much that we have domesticated it: we can trot out the Huxleyan labels and forget that we still have not begun to understand. But we are not on anything like those Huxley-labelling, Christian name terms with the mathematical experience. What went through Ramanujan's mind as he wrote down his first theorems? What was it really like to be Abel at work? Is the experience remotely comparable with a scientist's or alternatively with a creative writer's, or is it different in kind from either? Even the well-informed and empathetic can only listen with blankness to such questions.

Yet we are beginning to get material which gives at least an intimation of what the questions mean. In 1941, six years before his death, G. H. Hardy, one of the finest of English pure mathematicians, published a short book called *A Mathematician's Apology*; this year, Norbert Wiener, who was once a pupil of Hardy's, has produced a full length autobiography. Wiener is in his sixties, as Hardy was when he wrote the *Apology*; Wiener is as conspicuous among American mathematicians as Hardy was among English: but there the resemblance ends. In temperament, the two were as different as men in the same profession can reasonably be expected to be; and their books have about as much similarity as, say, the autobiographies of those professional colleagues R. G. Collingwood and Nietzsche. It is, of course, this lack of congruence which makes one more interested when Hardy and Wiener suddenly come into contact and say the same thing about the nature of mathematics or the mathematical vocation or experience. Where they agree, one feels, there must be something basic. As Hardy himself once said (about a college argument): " When Rutherford, Eddington and I come to the same conclusion, which has happened exactly twice in our lives, I can't help feeling there's a strong presumption that we're right."

Hardy's and Wiener's books gain a lot by being read together. By itself, Hardy's is so beautifully written, so persuasive in its purity, that we tend to forget how personal a statement it is. It was composed out of great sadness. He knew that he had come to the end of his creative life, and this book was not only his justification, but also his elegy, for what he had done. As such there is nothing like it in the language. Graham Greene has said that it is the best existing account of an artist's creative satisfaction—and in fact Hardy thought of his work as nothing more nor less than art. He had very little interest in science or the applications of mathematics; he had no insight into the physical world, and did not want any. Success came to him easily and early, as it often comes to the great formal artists. His whole nature was graceful and light, freer than most of ours from the weights of guilt and envy and personal imperialism. I had the luck to know him well during the last sixteen years of his life. It is a mistake to etherealise him too much, perhaps: he was human all right. But of the people I have known, he had the least moral vanity and pretence, and was the most magnanimous.

Wiener has had an altogether rougher passage; he is a human brother along with the rest of us in the crowd, using his elbows, making a great deal of a noise, right in the middle of the struggle. The non-mathematical components of his autobiography are of straightforward interest; he is pretty tough with himself, and even tougher with almost everyone else; he does not pretend to be a character of immediate attraction. His father was a Jewish professor at Harvard, dominating, clever, not very sensible, prickly. His mother was Jewish also, but so anxious to be assimilated as to become anti-Semitic. The young Wiener was cleverer than his clever father, more heavily endowed all round, one of nature's patriarchs, and at least as prickly. Ever since that difficult childhood he has never found life easy, and one would guess that he has not made it easy for others. He has gone about taking offence, looking for offence, giving offence. He has more than one man's share both of megalomania and paranoia. The curious thing is, he has had considerable justification for both. As for megalomania, he has done great things: as for paranoia, he has been persecuted. His accounts of the anti-Semitism of G. D. Birkhoff and some of the older American academics ring uncomfortably true: there is no doubt at all that Wiener had to struggle for recognition in a way that for Hardy would have been unthinkable. But he has struggled with a man's whole force: he has struggled honestly and harshly with his own temperament. It is a temperament that, when I began the book, I was slightly repelled by: but gradually the honesty and the bitter overweening vulnerability wore me down, and I finished with respect for him as a man, and much more than respect for him as a thinker.

Like Hardy, he is before everything else a mathematician. What place their work will take in mathematical history, only their fellow professionals can guess. On the other hand, unlike Hardy, he has a deep insight into the physical world. Much of his achievement gathers round one great theme. It is that the universe-and-our-methods-of-perceiving-it cannot give exact information. With immense and versatile mathematical power he has used this theme in forms which, on the surface, look quite different. The Lebesgue integral—probability theory—the theory of communication and control which Wiener himself has called " cybernetics "—the denial of closed logic—they are different manifestations of one profound insight; but it would of course have been no use having the insight (which in fact plenty of others have had) without the gift to find the mathematical correlative.

It is at least possible—I think that may be an understatement—that the kind of Wienerian process used in the theory of cybernetics is going to underlie a good deal of the next twenty years' psychological and philosophical thinking. The content of pages 321-8 in Wiener's book ought somehow to be made common knowledge to the intellectual world. Won't some competent person have a shot at it, as a matter of public duty?

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STAPLES

Wiener's insight has led him into practical problems, on the frontier between physics and engineering. Few mathematicians of his class have been so effective on these practical uses of mathematics, uses for which Hardy would have felt—quite wrongly, it now seems—both distaste and contempt. It is odd to find, as a summing-up of all this achievement, that Wiener, like his old master, considers that his primary satisfaction has been an aesthetic one. This is rather as though Dickens or D. H. Lawrence suddenly said that pure art was their chief value, and that Henry James had been right all the time. It looks as though Wiener is stretching the word "aesthetic" further than it will go: or else he is for once limiting himself.

C. P. SNOW

More Tears than French

Paris Album. By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated by MARGARET CROSLAND. *W. H. Allen.* 16*s.*

Musical evenings, mutton-chop sleeves, Léon Daudet imitating Zola, the cake-walk coming in from America, Colette and Willy at the Palais de Glace, Sarah Bernhardt, Catulle Mendès, Rostand, Anna de Noailles—these are some of the memories of a plushy, opulent world in Jean Cocteau's *Portraits-Souvenir.* Written and sketched originally for *Le Figaro* at the request of Pierre Brisson, and published in book form in 1935, they're a light and frothy evocation of the Paris of Cocteau's youth and childhood. Their prose, like its accompanying drawings, is rapid, seemingly artless, but apt and unmistakable, with the quick intimate finality of a brilliant snapshot album, the sketchbook of a master. They might be described as the literary equivalent of Nicole Védrès's film, *Paris 1900*—except that they bear the inimitable stamp of their author's wit and imagination. Now, twenty years later, they've been translated into English by Miss Margaret Crosland, with all their original drawings intact.

I opened *Paris Album,* then, with the pleasantest expectations, to renew acquaintance with the various *monstres sacrés* whom Cocteau, like Dickens, seemed to caricature only because he described them so faithfully. But it wasn't long before I began to fidget. Cocteau's style in these memoirs suddenly seemed at once commonplace and obscurantist, penny-plain pretentious—a kind of verbal skating suggestive of *Widow Twanky On Ice.* Had the fact of translation revealed weaknesses in Cocteau, hitherto disguised? Or had the real strength and distinction of his writing been lost in the transfer to English? Was Cocteau after all the mere showman that some people think him? Or had Miss Crosland done him an immense disservice? Puzzled, I collated her English version with Cocteau's original. The comparison vindicated Cocteau: and it revealed in the translation, despite felicitous passages, not only carelessness, awkwardness, and occasional misunderstanding of the author's intentions, but also, at times, apparent ignorance of ordinary French.

In her recent book on Cocteau, Miss Crosland declared that "his writing is often impossible to translate with any fidelity"; but one might have imagined that his newspaper articles would be less difficult than, say, *Le Potomak.* To be sure, Miss Crosland has done her best to eliminate the newspaper references which lend a kind of historic actuality to the original. Moreover, she has brought up to date those phrases which refer to friends now dead as if they were still alive in 1956. One can forgive this silent editing, presumably undertaken to please the English publishers, shy at issuing a "dated" book. One can also forgive, without wishing to justify, certain rearrangements of Cocteau's paragraphs (pp. 35, 66ff) in what may have seemed a more logical order. Less easy to forgive is the omission, among other things, of one whole paragraph on p. 115 and of an original quotation from Mme de Sévigné, to whom Miss Crosland attributes instead (p. 164) two sentences of Cocteau's own. Similar carelessness has produced many unnecessary inexactitudes, balanced but not redeemed by other translations which are doggedly literal and unidiomatic.

This partly explains the prosaic air that Cocteau's book has acquired in translation: but its new pretentiousness largely results from howlers on the part of Miss Crosland. On p. 69 she strangely describes someone at the skating rink as "poised *like* a fit of hysterics" (my italics—my hysterics, too, very nearly). Cocteau's phrase, thus out-Cocteau'd, was "*dans une pose d'attaque de nerfs.*" On p. 88 she offers us fire-engines "with their bellies low on the ground" for "*ventre à terre*"—a perfectly idiomatic phrase for "at full speed." Other howlers, from a list too long to enumerate, include "lean out" for "*se lancer*" (p. 16); "sly malice" (p. 55) for "*malices sournoises*" (sly pranks); "provost" (p. 82) for "*proviseur*" (headmaster); "his death *astounded* me" (p. 127) for "*sa mort me consterna*"; and "senses, like a *cow,* the storm that is gathering" (p. 174) for "*sent comme un bétail, l'orage qui se forme.*"

There's neither space nor necessity to quote the long string of missed nuances, puns apparently unnoticed, play on words that have gone by the board. But in three places, no less, Miss Crosland has actually managed to reverse the meaning of the original. On p. 70 she translates "*majeure*" by "minor." Earlier in the book, praising the trickery necessary to art, and defending the sham lions in Hollywood movies, Cocteau notes that "*il est moins facile de faire un lion avec une descente de lit, qu'une descente de lit avec un lion.*" Miss Crosland, with sublime absurdity, writes instead (p. 45): "It is *easier* to make a lion out of a rug than to make a rug out of a lion." Finally, on p. 139, her version reads: "I only saw Anatole France's astonishing long crooked face in its Gothic surroundings." But what Cocteau wrote was: "*Jamais je n'ai vu dans son cadre gothique l'étonnante figure longue et de travers de France.*"

In one of his later books, written however before the publication of *Paris Album,* Cocteau lamented his translators, who tend to give foreign readers a totally false picture of his work. "*De moi,*" he said, "*se promènent des traductions tellement folles qu'on se demande si le traducteur m'a lu.*" I think that I've quoted enough to show you how attentively Miss Crosland has read her author, and to put you on your guard against judging Cocteau from her version of *Portraits-Souvenir.* In her preface, she refers to the "many friends" who "have helped me with the twice-ravelled knots of this translation." It seems a pity that between them they couldn't find somebody better equipped for the job.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Push-me Pull-you Women

Women's Two Roles. By ALVA MYRDAL and VIOLA KLEIN. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

That outstanding genius at advertising a question in its most confused form, Bernard Shaw, has done much to delay the time when people could discuss the position of women without a lot of heated references to Lilith and the Duel of Sex. These days, however, thank goodness, things are calmer. Should the temperature begin to rise, one can usually imitate the authors of this book and plunge the head in a vat of cold statistics. No doubt statistic-addiction has its own dangers; I hope there is somebody at Vassar preparing a study of them, with full tables. But it does not hold the lethal threat to honest inquiry that emotion does. Some of the statistics in this book will, in fact, give pause to quite a heated argument. Did you know, for instance, that the *average* expectation of life for a girl born in the advanced countries today is over 70 or that in more than half the homes of Britain in 1951 there was no child under 16? From these figures and a lot more like them the authors plausibly conclude that there are women with time on their hands who would do well to go out to work. Running a home, they point out, is not the full-time job that it was when there were half-a-dozen children. Today the average woman whose less-than-three have grown up has more than a third of her life before her. And, as they nastily add, "Modern mothers who make no plans outside the family for their future will not only play havoc with their own lives but will make nervous wrecks of their over-protected children and husbands". Woman's place used to be the home, because that was where the work was. But the work has flown away:

> Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century spinning, weaving and making clothes, baking bread, curing meat, making soap, brewing beer, preserving fruit and many other processes now usually carried out in factories, as well as a good deal of teaching and nursing, were part of a woman's household routine. . . . If women (later) made an articulate and conscious request to go out into the world, they were not driven by a sudden wave of perversity, or fashion, but by the simple logic of economics. The work had been moved from the home, and women wanted to move after it, as men had done not so long before.

This is sound, and it is one of the great merits of the book to consider the historical background of emancipation so sanely. "Women should be regarded as late-comers in the evolutionary process rather than as one half of mankind kept in subjection by the other half." The supposedly ancient tradition of house-bound and limited womanhood invoked by the opponents of emancipation was, they suggest, only a transient Victorian pattern. It is interesting here, by the way, to compare Clarissa Harlowe's accomplishments with those of the average Victorian heroine. Clarissa could have made her living anywhere, provided she had kept her mouth shut, but look at poor Amelia Sedley. And when Elizabeth I thanked God she was "endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the realm in my petticoat I were able to live in any place in Christome," nobody found it particularly shocking. It seems likely, in fact, that the objection to women's earning money is no more time-honoured than rational. And the objection to their earning it outside their homes has obviously lost much of its force with the industrial revolution. Whether any remains is the authors' next question. Children, they hastily concede, must be looked after. Young children need their mothers; mothers, therefore, should stay at home for a rather uncertain period. But once their children are independent they can perfectly well go to work, and even while the children are at school much can be done by encouraging such devices as part-time jobs, school meals, home helps, crêches, and flats with communal laundries and restaurants on the Scandinavian pattern. There is, they laudably admit, something to be said against women workers from the employers' side. They are given to absenteeism and to changing their jobs. But, relying on the devices mentioned to reform them somewhat, the authors consider that, with the present high demand for labour and the increasing age of the population, it will still be worthwhile for employers to make the best of them.

I must say that my first reaction to this argument was one of relief at the prospect of ending that dreadful drip of tears into a thousand sinks which becomes audible whenever this sort of subject is ventilated in the papers; the envy and frustration of the housewife clamouring for something sensible to do; the monstrous paradox by which whole lives are devoted to keeping a house fit for company which, since it would make a mess, can never actually be entertained. And I do think that much could and should be done in this direction. It ought to be possible in the first place, if a quarter of the grumbling is sincere, to run agencies which would put people in touch with part-time jobs and training or refresher courses; there could, after all, in the nature of the case be no difficulty in finding staff. Certainly our civilisation is moving out of the home. If one role—working woman or housewife—has to be taken as the norm, the first is at present the healthier. But does it? Where this book seems to me limited, if not actually disingenuous, is in ignoring the vast changes that would have to follow. Would it, for instance, be a good thing if we all forgot how to wash and cook other than communally? And would it be possible to maintain the special status which they propose for mothers? Mothers, on their plan, would be the *only* people at home; this would make them an isolated class. The temptation of crêches and nurseries would surely bring them into line with everybody else after a few months of it; this would be very important. A child's relation with his parents provides, after all, the pattern for every relation in later life. Every time I hear the piping, embarrassed falsetto in which the BBC delivers its nursery rhymes I grow more convinced that Plato not only was, but still is, wrong. But this is a qualitative question, not easily amenable to statistics.

MARY SCRUTTON

Black Honour

Pan-Africanism or Communism ? By GEORGE PADMORE. *Dobson.* 25*s.*

Black Power. By RICHARD WRIGHT. *Dobson.* 25*s.*

A few weeks ago I attended a press conference in London held by the Gold Coast High Commissioner. His purpose was to suggest that his dismissal by the Gold Coast Government—which had been suddenly announced that morning—was the direct result of the evidence he had given before a commission inquiring into irregularities in which the Prime Minister, Dr. Nkrumah, was implicated. It was an uneasy meeting for a European liberal to attend. Here was one Negro intellectual accusing another of incapacity to rule a young country hailed by the world as the crucial experiment in Negro self-government. Moreover, while the conference was taking place, the journalists were whispering to each other the latest details of the so-called "Nigerian banking scandal", involving another hero of Negro advancement, Dr. Azikiwe. Above Printing House Square, and behind the black glass facade of the *Daily Express*, leader writers were polishing sanctimonious phrases.

Those of us who believe firmly in the capacity of the Negro race to attain complete and rapid self-government, but whose faith is inclined to be shaken at moments such as this, can profit by reading these two remarkable books. Both are by Negro intellectuals. Padmore comes from Trinidad and Wright from America, and each regards Africa from the point of view of a foreigner, searching for empirical confirmation of his theoretical opinions. Yet the two are complementary. Mr. Padmore is a professional organiser and politician, who has played a sustained and successful role in advising and co-ordinating movements to promote African independence. He is concerned with the political and economic structure of Negro rule, the means to achieve it, and the alternative forms it can take. Richard Wright is a gifted, imaginative novelist who is interested primarily in the psychological background of the struggle for Negro freedom. But both, from different approaches, are led to the same central truth: that African advancement can be secured only in the teeth of White opposition, that concessions spring not from generosity but weakness, and that where colonial governments appear to assist the transfer of power, their motives are never disinterested. Measured against this principle, the recurrent charges of corruption levelled at Negro politicians can safely be dismissed as irrelevancies, to be left to the Africans themselves.

In other respects, European liberals will find little comfort in these books. Mr. Padmore, who surveys the whole history of the Negro independence movement, from the founding of Sierra Leone to the latest developments in West and

H. G. Nicholas

Fellow of New College, Reader in the
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Central Africa, pays generous tribute to the White idealists, from Wilberforce to Fenner Brockway, who helped to further the Negro cause; but it is a meagre role of honour. Britain, having created Sierra Leone as a home in Africa for liberated slaves, has delayed its progress towards self-government even to this day. America, which created Liberia, allowed it to fall into the merciless hands of international finance. Mr. Padmore's calm and objective analysis of British colonial policy exposes its fatal inability to solve the problems of plural societies, and reminds us that even in West Africa, where there is no White minority to bedevil a constitutional settlement, African progress has been achieved only in the face of fierce opposition from colonial officials. He exposes also the legalistic hypocrisy of the French union, and the bitter inequalities which underlie the deceptively calm surface of "the perfect colony", the Belgian Congo; in a few fierce pages he tears aside the mask which conceals the Portuguese slave colony of Angola. He is able to give little credit to the Left. European Socialists, he shows, have been content—despite the exertions of dedicated minorities—to pursue policies which in all essential respects resemble those of their capitalist colleagues; while the Communists have merely employed the Negroes as willing, but increasingly disillusioned, pawns in their global political game. What the African has achieved, he has achieved almost entirely through his own efforts.

This is also the lesson of *Black Power*. Richard Wright sees in Nkrumah the first African to grasp that colonialism cannot be eased out by a middle-class African elite; it has to be smashed by a frontal attack, using the illiterate masses as a battering-ram. And, in diagnosing Nkrumah's political methods, he concludes that a skilful blending of Marxist organisation, with the fanatical religious loyalties which constitute the basis of tribalism is the means whereby that battering-ram can be constructed and aimed. He also sees—and this is perhaps the most crucial point of all—that Colonial governments will always, in the last resort, judge African politicians and regimes by one simple criterion: success. Nkrumah became "respectable" in British eyes not because he was an educated and incorruptible democrat, but because his ability to organise the African masses gave him the reality of power. Those who tried to use the same methods in East Africa—and failed—were branded as Mau Mau and ruthlessly destroyed. The conclusion is plain: if Africans are to achieve freedom, they must not only rely on their own exertions, they must employ—irrespective of the democratic principles to which their western rulers pay such careful lip-service—methods certain to bring rapid success.

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We in Europe would do well to appreciate the consequences of forcing African politicians to harness the energies of nationalist and racial fanaticism. Having refused a voluntary withdrawal, having invited the employment of extremist weapons, we must not think that we can neatly close the accounts once the transfer is over, and begin an entirely new and friendly relationship. Nationalism, once created, carries on under its own momentum; and its politicians, desperately riding the whirlwind, must find fuel, at whatever costs, to feed its appetites. This is the lesson of the Middle East, which we are learning to our bitter cost and shame. Must it be repeated in Africa? There, by denying the Black race a sense of honour, we are forcing it to create one of its own; and one which can only achieve full expression in our own degradation.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

A Certain Smile. By FRANÇOISE SAGAN. *Murray.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Three Winters. By JOHN MORTIMER. *Collins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Nightwalkers. By BEVERLEY CROSS. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Those who enjoyed *Bonjour Tristesse*, by the young French novelist Françoise Sagan, have an equal, or perhaps an even greater, pleasure coming to them from its successor *A Certain Smile*. This, too, is only a long short story, simpler in design than its predecessor, but no less enchanting, evocative, complete. The story slips by with a deceptive simplicity and ease. Dominique, the narrator, is a student at the Sorbonne; she is sleeping with a fellow student, Bertrand, who is in love with her; and one day he says casually:

> "I have to go and see my uncle, the great traveller. Coming?"
>
> He went out and I followed. I didn't know his uncle and did not want to. But there was something in me that seemed destined to follow the well-shaved neck of a young man, always letting myself be led along unresistingly, except for the icy little thoughts that swam through my mind like fish. I felt a certain affection for him just then. As we walked along the Boulevard our feet kept time like our bodies at night. He held my hand. We were slim and pleasing like people in a picture.

Luc, Bertrand's uncle, attracts Dominique; he and his delightful wife Françoise take her up, for she is something of an urchin, untidy, bored, lost. She falls in love with Luc, who is only attracted by her. He takes her away for a clandestine fortnight in Cannes; she is wholly happy. On the return to Paris the difficulties begin. Meetings have to be rare and secretive; Françoise has to be considered. Then a kind friend gives the game away to her. Luc goes away to America for a month. Dominique is inconsolable; she will never get over it. As long as he is away, she waits only for his return. He comes back and doesn't communicate. On the fifteenth morning she wakes feeling something different about this particular day. It is over; the obsession has let go.

If the plot is simple, it is one that could be—indeed one that has many times before been—used for all sorts of dramatic and melodramatic moral ends. And perhaps the most striking thing about *A Certain Smile* is the absence of any moral attitudes or assumptions whatsoever. There are states of mind, and there are, abundantly, as Henry James might have interpolated, states of body. The pleasurable are enjoyed, the painful are endured if they cannot be avoided, but it is better—this is the nearest to moral judgment—not to hurt others, if it can be helped. But, of course, it can't be. Her young lover has to be hurt; Françoise, Luc's wife, has to be, and indeed she herself, Dominique, has to be; for she goes open-eyed into an affair that she knows she will not get out of without suffering.

States of mind are what Mlle Sagan so directly and feelingly re-creates, the states of mind of a very contemporary young girl with an interest in nothing else; and yet such is the particular skill of this writer that there is nothing of that slow lingering over the details indulged in by "sensitive" English lady novelists. Her sensibility is as acute as you could wish, but her pace is as rapid as a film's: she "cuts" with a wonderful economy and with a superb sense of the supremely relevant detail. If Mlle Sagan has a reputation for shocking, isn't that because the question of wrong and right never enters her calculations? She doesn't pay the tribute of even one emotive epithet to the question. What happens between her girls and her men, happens; what she feels, she feels, and she evokes it exactly; but in the context of those feelings there is no mention nor even any hint of the social sanctions. *You* may be shocked by this absence, but she is not.

The trouble with so wonderfully readable a writer as Mlle Sagan is that she puts you out of countenance for a space with everything else. Mr. John Mortimer in *Three Winters* writes very well indeed. The images are appropriate, the metaphors vivid, the comparisons apt. But how sticky and stiff the texture seems after Mlle Sagan's light hand! Yet in the end Mr. Mortimer wins through. His design is pleasing—three significant periods, widely separated in time, in the encounter between a man and a woman. First there is the childhood meeting when the little girl comes with her father, the doctor, to the house where the boy lives in the seaside town with his parents and his uncle and aunt and the old square Rolls in the garage and the talkative woodman in the covers. This was the section I found sticky. It works on looking back, after one has got to the end; but it doesn't sufficiently cast its shadow forward. The second winter is a winter of the war; the boy is now a young man working near his home town with a documentary film unit; and the doctor's daughter is one of the local attractions whom he pursues. And now Mr. Mortimer's talent begins to work with a swift and sharp economy, too. The seedy atmosphere of the film unit and of the provincial hotel is vividly created, the narrative speeds, the relationship becomes interestingly equivocal; we discover much and want to know more.

In the third winter, the two have been married ten years. They are still in love, there is no doubt about that; but what is the nature of the struggle that still goes on between them?

> It was, perhaps, like one of those interminable wars which go on until neither side can remember how it started, they only know that, in the course of it, atrocities have been committed which can never be forgiven, and that the countryside, over which the battles were fought, has been permanently laid waste.

And then, by incident, not by explanation, we are led towards an understanding—the cause is her father, the doctor. And hints which we have perhaps been too obtuse to notice in the earlier sections come to mind again and take their proper place and carry their full weight. I have a feeling that Mr. Mortimer would look down on Mlle Sagan as all too obvious; but I think that for all his cleverness and skill he could do with a little more obviousness himself. The connections in the different parts seem to me unnecessarily tenuous; the reader is left to do too much unravelling for himself. Unlifelike? Of course! The beauty of fiction is surely that it can arrange untidy life to suit its own purposes

But of course there are limits, and Mr. Beverley Cross in *The Nightwalkers* seems to me to pass beyond them. His is a story of a young Englishman in France. He falls in with a gang of ex-resistants who use him to help them to get a traitor out of the prison to which he has been condemned for life, when they think that he ought to have been executed as a traitor. And, having got him out, they proceed to carry out the execution themselves under the young man's eyes. How acceptable such a story is, depends entirely on the tone in which it is told. In the crudeness and untidiness of his writing I do not distinguish what Mr. Cross's tone is meant to be. He indulges a certain enjoyment in the violence of gang life, but beyond that I do not get the spirit in which his story is meant to be read.

RICHARD LISTER

Can These Dry Bones Live ?

The Protestant Way. By KENNETH HAMILTON. *Epworth Press.* 21*s.*

The Stumbling Block. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Harvill.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Anglican Orders and Defect of Intention. By FRANCIS CLARK, S.J. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

The Gospels and the Catholic Church. By ARTHUR MICHAEL RAMSEY. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

"Theology," declares the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "loses its savour when studied in a spirit of merely scientific curiosity; and it does not concern the lay Christian." This, as all amateur dabblers in the subject know, is quite untrue. In older and better days, when our statesmen had time for an education, at least four British Prime Ministers—not usually counted among the stupid ones—relaxed their minds over church controversy. Two of them (Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone) were devout Christians and presumably read for instruction, but Lord Rosebery was, to say the least, a doubtful case, and Lord M., that hoary old pillar of Holland House Enlightenment, read purely from a malicious pleasure. Though theology is no longer the queen of sciences, it can still, if the rigours of the game are adhered to, combine the satisfactions of algebra with the speculative charm of Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors* (Dr. E. L. Mascall's recent Bampton Lectures are a case in point). When the rules are relaxed or disregarded—witness the gnostic meanderings of Dean Inge or the elephant capers cut by the late Bishop of Birmingham in his distressing efforts to reconcile religion and science—the result is generally a mixture of fatuity and blasphemy. In the four books noticed here, we are far from such scandals. Each of these authors—a distinguished Nonconformist, a learned member of the Society of Jesus, an Anglican Archbishop and a great Catholic novelist—writes from an original and personal standpoint. All are united in charity, sincerity and breadth of feeling. At least three are able scholars. All four are warm men.

Since Mr. Hamilton is the most heterodox and certainly the most stimulating, let us take him first. His book has a valiancy, a determined spirit, that I personally find deeply refreshing; he has written the best contemporary re-statement of the Protestant ideal in religion. He is concerned to rebut Mr. T. S. Eliot's assumption that "the life of Protestantism depends on the survival of that against which it protests," and to prove that the Protestant way is a positive principle of Christian living, or, in Paul Tillich's phrase, "an eternal and permanent criterion of everything temporary"; though historically "rooted in events and personalities and places," it "belongs to all times and places without exceptions." Even heterodoxy has its compensations, one of them being that, instead of tying oneself down to a straight line of doctrinal development *à la* Newman, one can embrace a heap of varied interpretations of the historical Jesus in a circular sweep. Just as Mr. E. M. Forster, in his book on the novel, imagined Tolstoy, Richardson, Jane Austen and Mrs. Woolf all writing their books simultaneously at a cosmic round table, so Mr. Hamilton projects the spectrum of Protestant theology: "*Justification by Faith alone* with Luther, *the Sovereignty of God* with Calvin, *Christian Perfection* with Wesley, *the Kingdom of God* with Ritschl, and, in our own day, *the Word of God* with Barth: each has brought a renewal of the Gospel to those who confess the faith."

Mr. Hamilton is polite but firm about Anglican claims to provide a *via media* between the two traditions. On pp. 46-47 he turns Rome's flank brilliantly in a series of dazzling theological paradoxes ranged round the words "orthodoxy" and "sectarianism." His use of similes is admirable. "Catholicism's understanding of theology," he writes on p. 68,

> may be pictured as a box, open at one end for future extension, but for the rest of its length securely enclosed, so that what is inside and what is outside cannot be doubted. The nearest image appropriate for Protestant theology would be a locked door, with a key beside it. Catholicism sees theology as objective and complete in itself, to be accepted or rejected. For Protestantism theology has no meaning apart from its use. It is men who are outside or inside the sphere of revelation.

How well this applies to the controversy over the co-Redeemership of the Virgin Mary in which Mr. Evelyn Waugh has been getting so soundly drubbed in another place!

Fr. Clark and the Archbishop of York are both pure professionals, each doing a sound, craftsmanlike job. Dr. Ramsey's book, a straightforward attempt to re-state the Anglican position, first appeared in 1936. This was the golden age of Dick Sheppard, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Bishop Barnes and the Life and Liberty Movement, when clergymen of the C. of E. were busy jettisoning the Creeds and, in Mark Pattison's phrase,

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"defecating their beliefs to a pure transparency." As such, the book is a recall to theological order. Fr. Clark's monograph is a hair-splitting discussion of the various theories held about Anglican Orders, conducted with the learning of a Bellarmine and the skill of a chess master. Their poor heads aching with the *dicta* of Cardinal Franzelin, the predicament of the Church of South India and the plight of those unhappy Melanesians baptised by the Methodists in 1872, Fr. Clark will give Mr. Walton Hannah's ex-colleagues furiously to think. A book to set the more learned rectory dovecots in a flutter.

Finally, we have M. Mauriac's *La Pierre d'Achoppement*, eloquently translated by Mr. Gerard Hopkins—a powerful blending of reportage, rhetoric and spiritual autobiography, designed to list the obstacles thrown in the unbeliever's way by the malice, superstition and spiritual pride of the average faithful. In the last three or four years, just as French critics were beginning to fault the matter and style of his novels, M. Mauriac has acquired a second reputation as a great Christian journalist, a progressive with a burning compulsion to bring all things—including Algeria and the Paris slums—under the tribunal of the Cross. In the space of 90 pages he broods, with loving ferocity, over the condition of Catholic France; at one moment he is Bloyishly messianic, the next he is discussing the economy of vice and the place of illness in the Christian life with the unction of a Jansenist director. Through it all his passion for social justice shines out clearly. In this, he is in agreement, like most men of good will, with the words of John Stuart Mill quoted with such approval by Mr. Hamilton:

> It would be a great moral improvement to most persons, be they Christians, Deists or Atheists, if they firmly believed the world to be under the government of a Being, who, willing only good, leaves evil in the world solely in order to stimulate human faculties by an unremitting struggle against every form of it.

JOHN RAYMOND

The price of Irene Harrison's *Agatha Harrison* (Allen & Unwin), reviewed in last week's issue, is 12s. 6d. and not 25s. 6d. as stated.

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases, *two*). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall postal courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status. Write for **PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH 85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

QUAKERS VISIT CHINA

REPORT OF A RECENT MISSION

Illustrated

Three shillings and threepence
post free

Room 22, Friends House,
Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,382

Set by Flavus

Miss Billie Holiday, the greatest of blues singers, began her autobiography with this memorable sentence: "Mom and Pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was 18, she was 16, and I was three." The usual prizes are offered for the best similarly explosive first or last sentence from a real or imaginary autobiography. Entries by September 4.

Result of No. 1,379

Set by W. H. Zimmern

Walter de la Mare introduced a form of double limerick known as the Twiner: example—

There was an old Begum of Frome,
There was an old Yogi of Leicester;
She sent him a tulip in bloom,
He rolled his black eyes and he blessed her.
How replete with delight
Is a flower to the sight!
It brightens the day
And it sweetens the night.
Oh! if all the old ladies grew tulips in Frome,
How happy the Yogis in Leicester!

Readers are invited to compose a Twiner on this pattern about Eden and Gaitskell, Zatopek and Pirie, May and Johnson, Dors and Monroe, Ike and Nixon, or any other pair of celebrities linked in the public mind.

Report

What a strain on the nerves
This traffic in curves

(E. H. Harrhy)

I must assure Mr. Harrhy that not only Fleet Street has been taken in tow by the Misses Dors and Monroe: over twenty per cent. of competitors chose to twine those two names together. And I can now verify Hazel Archard's statement that—

In the eyes of the West
They are both well abreast.

It would be pleasant to think that readers' interest is really reciprocated and, as Granville Garley suggests—

Both females would dye in the cause.

But, before most entries were posted, equality and amity had also touched the stars of our political show business, so that

The minister now in his prime
And the chief of H.M. Opposition
May see eye to eye for a time
With their parties' half-hearted permission.

(F. B. Julian)

The rivals might well have been sending each other tulips or other floral tributes. It was surprising, though, to find so little twining of Eden and Nasser. Had readers not recovered from the shock, or are Suez and Nasser so difficult to rhyme?—(No, Edgar Caton, antimacassar is just not relevant.) American politics were equally calm. Ike seemed as gracious as the Begum of Frome in his treatment of Nixon; and obviously all doubts were centred in the mind of authors—not of their protagonists—many crying with L. G. Udall—

So the doctors all warn us to look after Ike
But ain't nobody gonna watch Nixon.

Only the cricketers really spun their insults.

Among the unusually large number of entries, there were few that had both the pertness and the fantasy of an effective limerick, although many had the gentleness of the Walter de la Mare model. The first prize goes to R. J. P. Hewison and Austin Baker—a guinea and a half each—and the other entries printed below win a guinea each. Runners-up: Hazel Archard, D. R. Peddy, L. G. Udall, F. B. Julian and J. R. Till.

ABBESS AND G.B.S.

She, a nun of an order enclosed;
He, a showman of impish impiety—
Who'd have scented, however well-nosed,
A friendship in such contrariety?
Yet they met—through a grille—
To converse of free will,
To discourse of Life Force;
And they probably still,
With new questions to all of the answers they posed,
Are enjoying each other's society.

R. J. P. HEWISON

There was a young lady named Miller
And a similar one called Miss Dors.
Each renowned as a brassière filler,
They seemed to defy Nature's laws.
For the actress a "must"
Is an oversized bust.
You may think it's just
An incitement to lust,
But with it her fate's to go sweeping the States,
When without she'd make more sweeping floors.

AUSTIN BAKER

The Limerick issued from Lear;
The Clerihew blossomed in Bentley:
The former was foolish and queer,
The latter guyed history gently;
But they both of them gave
On their path to the grave
So much pleasure in print
That we'd most of us waive
Any critical rights to be hard upon Lear
Or to turn up our noses at Bentley.

GLORIA PRINCE

There's Gaitskell the Labour M.P.
There is Tony the Tory P.M.
The latter would tax you and me:
The former would put more on "them".
To the one "theirs is theirs":
To the other "fair shares":
But in foreign affairs
They appear as joint heirs:
And if Gaitskell compares with the stout Tweedledee,
Tweedledum fits the other "*ad unguem*".

NIALL MACCARMAIG

An unfortunate thing about Arlott,
And his confrère, E. W. Swanton,
Is that one will rhyme only to "harlot"
And the other to nothing but "wanton."
Are they greatly annoyed
If disciples of Freud
Have these omens employed
And their honour destroyed?
For there's nothing whatever suggestive in Arlott,
Or, of course, in his opposite number—that's Swanton.

RHODA TUCK POOK

City Lights

Ants in Auntie's Pants

Addicts can screw fascination even out of August stock markets. Nobody is doing very much buying or selling and the flow of news has almost dried up. But the ants, the professional market men, preserve their neurotic eagerness through the idle summer, swarming first in one direction and then in another, and usually together. Their maze is more circumscribed this year. Stores shares have been taboo for some time, and Oils at the moment are too dependent on the unpredictable motions of Wall Street and the Conference to be attractive. But the ants have made the best of what is left: they have been in and out of dollar stocks, of Kaffirs, of Rubbers, and of the odder kinds of foreign bonds. Each in turn has swarmed with activity for its brief moment until the ants have scurried on.

* * *

For the last week or so the only really active part of the market has been the staidest and the most speculative of all—British government securities. On paper, the gilt-edged market has been ripe for some time for a recovery from its long coma. But while shorter-term investments were yielding so much and the danger of another Bank Rate increase was present, nobody was willing to take the first step. Once it had been taken, a number were sure to follow, and recently there has been quite a rush of investors back into medium-dated securities.

One looks for explanations rather than causes in August markets. There is the quite important fact that the columnists, with nothing else to write about, have been extolling the neglected merits of gilt-edged. There are the July trade figures, with the trade gap back to only £44m, with exports still high, with imports falling, and with the terms of trade turning further in our favour. There is the effect to reckon with of the cash paid out by the government last week to redeem the outstanding part of the maturing War Bonds issue. And, strongest of all, there is the hope that the banks, whose operations have more effect on gilt-edged prices than anything else, will soon be coming in again to buy.

The hope can be backed up with reasoning, of the patchy kind appropriate to the sudden twists of monetary policy. One can argue that the banks are already too liquid for the Chancellor's peace of mind, and that their liquidity will be increased by this week's new arrangement for financing the nationalised industries by Exchequer loans instead of by bank overdrafts. Certainly they have been reminded ceremoniously that the squeeze on overdrafts must go on, but reminders of this kind tend to lose their force after a time. If Mr. Macmillan is unwilling either to push orthodox monetary policy to Hobsonian choices or to introduce newfangled contrivances for trimming the claws with which he has provided the banking system, it would clearly suit his book very well for the banks to turn some of their surplus Treasury bills into securities. This would limit their ability to forget later on about his reminder on overdrafts and at the same time, by putting pep into the gilt-edged market, make it easier for him to sell government bonds to the public.

The argument is bolstered up by a suggestion that the Chancellor has re-emphasised to the banks his reluctance to raise Bank Rate further, and by the fact that some of them were already beginning to buy gilt-edged against last month. The case looks reasonable enough. The ants are moving in. Or is the summer still here, and are they still grasshopper-minded?

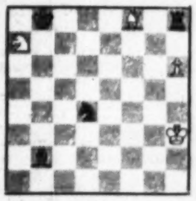
* * *

It is monetary policy again which seems to have put paid to the boomlet in Canadian and U.S. stocks. The Bank of England damped it down by selling off some of its own holding of dollar stocks. Then the Canadians decided to raise their Bank Rate, and it subsided. For a time it was not clear whether the Canadian decision would have much effect. It hinged on the fact that the huge flow of investment funds into Canada has set off an expansion boom which needs restraining, and that this year's expansion programme could hardly be put through without a sharp rise in prices and a further increase in the swollen import bill. But restraint could hardly be very strict for fear of cutting off the flow of funds from abroad which makes the enormous trade gap tolerable. And there was the further difficulty that a rise in interest rates, whatever its effect in Canada, would suck in still more money from over the border. Fortunately for Canada, U.S. interest rates are rising, too. The steel strike has made the immediate economic outlook in the U.S. look more promising, inflation is again the danger, and the authorities are putting on the pressure. Interest rates are rising, firms are turning more and more to the banks for loans, the banks are short of funds and the authorities are not supplying them. The rate on U.S. Treasury bills is at its highest level since 1933, and there is a very real chance that the ten Reserve banks whose discount rate is still 2¾ per cent. will take it up to 3 per cent. soon.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 354. On the Prowl

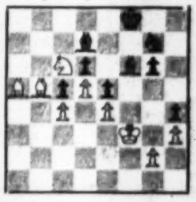


The cook-hunters—foremost among them some of our own crack-solvers—are for ever on the prowl; and a good thing too, for however sad it is to see a work of art depreciated by the discovery of some hidden blemish, what matters most is for that crystal-clear logic which is the lifeblood of any chess problem or endgame study to be unpolluted by even the slightest blemish. Take this famous study by J. de Villeneuve-Esclapon, a 1st prize-winner in 1923 and innumerably reprinted in papers and anthologies with the author's brilliant drawing solution:

(1) B-Kt7	R-R2	(7) B-B4	Kt-Q5
(2) K-Kt4	K x Kt	(8) B-K3	R-B4 ch
(3) K-R5	Kt-B4	(9) K-Kt4	R-Q4
(4) B x B	R x P ch	(10) K-B4	K-Kt3
(5) K-Kt5	R-R7	(11) K-K4	K-B4
(6) B-K5	R-KB7	(12) K-Q3, etc.	

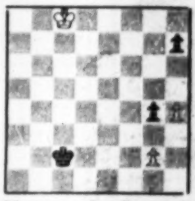
But last year Bondarevsky and other Russian experts claimed a refutation by (3) . . . Kt-K3; (4) B x B, R-QKt2; (5) B-R3!, R-Kt6; (6) B-K7, R-R6 ch; and a somewhat intricate win to follow. Then along came André Chéron, one of the most celebrated contemporary experts and refuted the refuters by (6) P-R7!, R-R6 ch [(6) . . . R xB?; (7) K-Kt4!]; (7) K-Kt6, K-Kt2; (8) K-B5!, Kt-Q1; (9) K-Kt6, etc. "*Dieu merci*," wrote Chéron when he hoped to have saved the piece, but the *Shakmaty* experts persevered, and this year they have finally demolished it by (2) . . . K-Kt2!!; (3) K-R5, Kt-B4!; (4) K-Kt6, Kt x B; (5)K x R, Kt-K1; (6) Kt-Kt5, K-Kt3; (7) K-Kt8, K x Kt; (8) P-R7, Kt-B3 ch; (9) K-Kt7, Kt-Kt5 ch; (10) K-Kt8, Kt-R3, ch., etc.: or alternatively, (4) B x B, R x P ch; (5) K-Kt5(4), R-QKt3; (6) B-K5, Kt-Q3; (7) B-Q4, R-Kt8; (8) K-B6, Kt-B5; (9) K-K6, Kt-Kt3!; etc. But a similarly unkind fate was suffered by some of our own prize-winners—see No. 332 and solutions in No. 335—since Kusnetzov's and Zacharov's piece was found to be cooked by (1) P x P, P x P; (2) B-Kt4 ch, K-Q1; (3) B-K6, etc., while Akerblom's key-move can be refuted by (1) . . . K-Kt7; (2) Kt-Kt6, B-R7; (3) R-Q1, Kt-Kt8; or alternatively: (2) Kt-B7, B-R7; (3) Kt-R6, Kt-Kt8; (4) Kt-Kt4, K x Kt; (5) R-Q2, B-Kt6. As for Isenegger's study, the author's solution would be quite correct if he had left the White Kt on K2. Unfortunately (and "on purely aesthetic grounds") he made the last-minute decision to transplant the Kt to QB6, thereby allowing an ugly alternative solution: (1) R-Q8 ch, K-B2; (2) P-Q7, Q-QB4 ch; (3) K-Kt7, Q-Kt3 ch; (4) K-B8, Q x Kt; (5) R-B8 ch, K x R; (6) P = Q ch, K-B2; (7) Q x P ch, etc. Various other cook-hunt trophies of our eagle-eyed solvers will be dealt with before long.

A: Spassky-Pilnik 1956

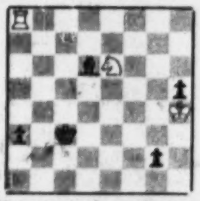


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White played Kt-Kt8 and merely drew; how could he have forced a win? **B** (a draw, 6 ladder-points) is a most instructive study by one of our own distinguished prize-winners. **C** (7) is a draw and quite a beauty too. Usual prizes. Entries by September 3.

B: V. Halberstadt 1929



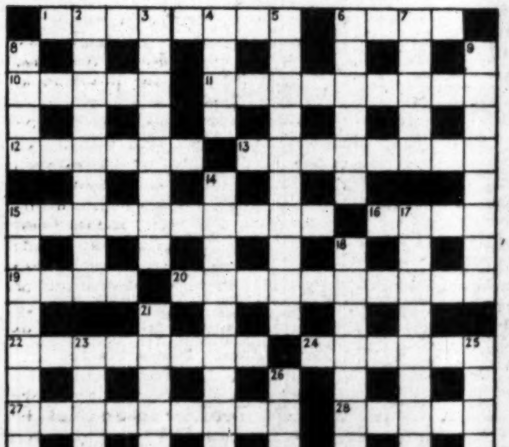
C: M. Platov 1905



No space for Comp. Report till next week. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 213

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 213. N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 4.



ACROSS

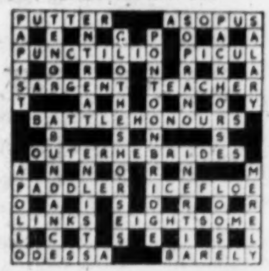
1. Joy to beat the singers (4, 4).
6. A means of silencing a biblical character (4).
10. Block in a Roman villa (5).
11. Takes the trouble to act the poet in making love (9).
12. Shoots society prudes (6).
13. Food which seems to be a product of both crop-farming and stockbreeding (8).
15. Angry ways in place of decision (10).
16. Language I take greedily back (4).
19. Hide from shower (4).
20. Ancient one in the sun both ways (10).
22. In this team there is a gap at centre-half (8).
24. One in love with love is a playwright (6).
27. A Rome trip would make a change for Augustus for one (9).
28. Tiny letters (5).
29. Brought up a bloody revolutionary (4).
30. Starting with the king he is also dealing after shuffling (8).

DOWN

2. City for one who dwells above the lake (9).
3. The panegyrist leaves the pith of the matter till last (8).
4. A slow bowler to make fast (4).
5. A tiresome person embracing a quarrel with a boy climbing in an area of Lakeland (10).
6. Agreement as dispatched (6).
7. A whole page is needed for a brief remark (5).
8. Up-country author (4).
9 Stimulants to encourage air trips (8).
14. Colleague for Gladys on a mountain (10).
15. Friar with a broken china cup (8).
17. Supplying food makes a Moslem crazy (9).
18. The situation is upside down in the drink (8).
21. A girl in the network (6).
23. Half a dozen for each serpent (5).
25. The river is not quite up to the top of the building (4).
26. Show off in climbing clothes (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 211



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 211

D. McLaren (London, W.C.1.), A. H. Dainton (Leeds 2), John May (London, N.W.8).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires East and Central European Language Supervisor (British subject). Duties include checking accuracy, terminology and style of translations of news bulletins and talks from English into Albanian, Bulgarian, Czech, Hungarian, Polish, Rumanian, Russian, Serbo-Croat, Slovak, Slovene and Turkish, and following broadcasts in the studio. First-class knowledge of two or more of these languages, good general knowledge of European Life and affairs, and ability to work with translators of various nationalities essential. Previous residence in the countries concerned an advantage. Work on shift basis including night duty. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280 max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "2009 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Industrial Correspondents in Midland and North Regions at Birmingham and Manchester respectively. Duties: under general direction of Regional News Editor to act as specialist Correspondent and adviser on Industrial and Trade Union affairs, concerned primarily with news programmes, both national and regional, sound and Television; also to advise on reflection of industrial matters in other types of programmes. Qualifications: proved journalistic ability in field of industry and labour relations; ability to supply concise, balanced and rapid coverage of events for news bulletins, to deal in informed manner with technical developments forming background to industrial news and to broadcast effectively in Sound and Television. Knowledge of industries of Region concerned and understanding of its people important. Salary £1,220 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,600 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "2019 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days. A preference for either the Birmingham or Manchester post should be indicated on the application form.

AUSTRALIA—University of Adelaide. The University invites applications for the Jury Chair of English Language and Literature which becomes vacant on January 1, 1957. Duties: The Professor will be Head of the Department of English Language and Literature in the University and will be responsible to the Council for the teaching and research in the Department. Salary: £A3,000 a year, with superannuation on the F.S.S.U. basis. Study Leave: The University makes special provision for Study Leave which it regards as important. For details see formal terms of appointment. General: Copies of the formal terms of appointment (which are the same as for other Professors in the University) and of a statement prepared for the information of intending candidates may be had on request to the undersigned* or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The University Calendar may be consulted in the Library of any University which is a member of the A.U.B.C. Any further information desired by a potential candidate will gladly be supplied on request to the undersigned*. A copy of a coloured film showing the University and the city and surroundings of Adelaide can be borrowed from the Secretary, A.U.B.C. Applications: Applications, in duplicate, giving particulars of age, academic qualifications and experience and accompanied by a recent photograph, a medical certificate of health, a list of publications, and the names and addresses of three referees of whom confidential enquiries may be made, should reach the undersigned* not later than October 15, 1956.—*V. A. Edgeloe, Registrar, Univ. of Adelaide, Adelaide, S. Australia.

AUSTRALIA.—University of Melbourne. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Charge of Indonesian Studies. Applicants should be experts in Indonesian area studies and possess good linguistic qualifications. The appointee will be expected to take up duty on or about March 1, 1957. Applicants may be required to present themselves for an interview in their country of residence. The salary range is £A1,950 to £A2,250 per annum. Superannuation similar to F.S.S.U. will be provided. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on October 15, 1956.

THE University of Manchester, School of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Child Psychology from men or women graduates with qualifications in psychology and experience with children. Salary at Lecturer grade £650 to £1,350 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience; at Assistant Lecturer grade £550 to £650 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. All applications to be sent not later than Sept. 1, 1956, to Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EDITORIAL Assistant reqd. to assist in compilation of a buyers' guide and reference book in the field of electronics. Technical background pref. but not essential. Gd. prospects for right person. Commencing salary £750. Full details to E.Y.B., Box 6811.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant (British) in Yugoslav Section to help in planning and organising programmes to Yugoslavia and to take charge of Section in absence of Programme Organiser. Qualifications: good knowledge of Serbo-croat and Yugoslavia; ability to write and edit scripts for translation into Serbo-croat; grasp of British and foreign political affairs; ability to work with and manage staff including foreign nationals; interest in broadcasting; experience as broadcaster or writer; knowledge of Slovene. Candidates with some of these qualifications and able to acquire others considered. Salary £1,110 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,440 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "2018 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Television Design Assistant in Manchester. Duties mainly preparation of working drawings from sketches of the Designer and acquisition of properties. Quick and accurate draughting and accurate colour perception essential. Candidates should have architectural and art training and knowledge of general light constructional methods an advantage. Account will be taken of creative ability, perspective and visual drawings. Salary £725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £960 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "2021 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

SENIOR Research Officer required by Central Office of Information (Social Survey). Will be responsible for devising research schemes for and reporting on allocated problems, and will be expected to take practical interest in development of techniques used to collect and analyse data needed for Social Survey work. Experience in field research on social or economic problems essential, also first hand experience of statistical analysis. Should be graduates in mathematics, statistics or one of social sciences, and should submit examples of research work. Post graded Senior Information Officer (unestablished): salary £1,285 to £1,530 (men); £1,168 to £1,378 (women). Write, giving age, full details of qualifications and experience to AB.966, London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. No original testims. should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably experienced men for appointment as Resident Superintendent at Stamford House, Goldhawk Rd., W.12, which is to be reorganised as a combined Remand Home and Classifying Centre for 100 London boys. The classifying work will entail preparing a complete picture of social history, background, needs and potentialities of each boy committed to an approved school recommending the school considered to be best suited to his needs, and providing those who will be responsible for his future care and training with a comprehensive report and recommendations for his treatment. The Superintendent will need to direct the staff of the centre as a team: to supervise the observation and testing of boys, the school work (probably with the assistance of a principal teacher), and the child care duties and day-to-day administrative work arising in an establishment for 100 boys. Salary £1,200 × £20—£1,300 plus a responsibility allowance of £150 and less £130 for board, lodging and laundry. Details and application forms available from Children's Officer (G1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by September 22, 1956. (1572)

PUBLIC Relations Officer.—The East Midlands Division of the National Coal Board requires an experienced public relations officer to work from their Headquarters at Arnold, near Nottingham. The successful candidate will be required to initiate and administer press and public relations work for the Division. Previous experience in journalism or public relations is essential. It would be an advantage if some of this experience had been gained with a large industrial organisation or similar body. Some public speaking may be required. Starting salary not less than £1,200 a year. The post is superannuable.—Applications as soon as possible, giving full details of age, experience and qualifications, to the Staff Director, National Coal Board, East Midlands Division, Sherwood Lodge, Arnold, Nr. Nottingham. Envelopes and applns. to be marked S.V.613.

THE United Liverpool Hospitals. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker Teacher (Supervisor). Primarily duties will be at the Royal Infirmary, Royal Southern Hospital and Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital. The person appointed will be required at the Royal Infirmary to instruct students from the University of Liverpool who are studying for the Diploma in Social Administration. Whitley Council conditions of service apply, salary being on the scale £590 × £25—£790 per annum for persons with at least three years' experience at an approved centre since qualification. The starting salary will be abated for a person with less experience. Apply with details of age, training and experience and the names of three referees by September 15, 1956 to the Secretary, 80 Rodney Street, Liverpool 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE International Labour Office invites applications for posts of Russian language stenographers and copy-typists at Geneva. Qualifications required: (1) Age: 20 to 45 years. (2) Education: Secondary School or equivalent in experience. (3) Languages: Fully satisfactory working knowledge of Russian. For further particulars and application form apply, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 38-39, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this Office of completed application forms is September 8, 1956.

MARRIED women required as Interviewers. Applicants must be freely available (although the work is of irregular nature); live in or near London; be able to spend up to 3 or 4 weeks away from home (returning at week-ends); be of sound health and possess good educational background. Some Saturday work may be involved.—Apply in writing: The Personnel Officer, British Market Research Bureau, 51 Grosvenor Street, W.1.

LONDON County Council Psychiatric social worker required to fill a vacancy in a team of four (supervised by consultant psychiatrist), dealing with the domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, an interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley Council salary scale for candidates with recognised qualifications. Particulars and application form (returnable by September 15) from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1630), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

ARTS Council of Great Britain. Applications are invited for the post of Regional Art Officer. The successful candidate will be required to supervise the Council's activities in the visual arts in the north of England and will be stationed in Manchester. Salary £800 p.a. Contributory superannuation scheme. Written applications with full particulars of qualifications and the names of two referees must reach the Director of Art, Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1 not later than September 10, 1956.

INTELLIGENT and adaptable young woman required to assist in Information Library with press cuttings and other general duties. Knowledge of library routine, including cataloguing, an advantage. Salary according to age and experience. Five-day week, staff canteen and pension scheme. Applications giving full details, with reference, should be addressed to the Staff Manager, (L.A.), The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

BOROUGH of Heston and Isleworth Public Libraries. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the Appointment of a Branch Librarian at a salary in accordance with Grade I of the A.P.T. Division of the National Scale of Salaries, £530-£610, plus London weighting. The appointment, determinable by one month's notice on either side, is subject to the National Council Scheme of Conditions of Service and to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts, 1937-1953. Applications, endorsed "Branch Librarian," stating age, qualifications, and experience, together with the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, must be delivered to the Borough Librarian, Treaty Road, Hounslow, not later than September 1, 1956.

CASEWORKER, Social Science Diploma, required share pioneering work physically handicapped, rural and metropolitan Essex. Car provided. Commencing salary £500 plus superannuation. Applications to Miss Buxton, 79 Springfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the post of Teaching Caseworker to work in co-operation with the Council of Social Service in the supervision of students. The person appointed would carry a small case-load and be expected to contribute to the development of teaching method. Recognised University qualifications and experience of general casework are essential. Initial salary £600-650 according to experience. F.S.S.U. provision. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (six copies) should be sent by September 15, 1956.

THE University of Leeds. Department of History. Applications are invited, preferably from those with special interests or qualifications in European and/or English History of the 19th and 20th centuries, for a temporary Assistant Lectureship in Modern History for one year at a salary according to qualifications and experience but in any case not less than £550. Applications (three copies) stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than September 20, 1956

EXCITING career offered capable young man (or woman) with enthusiasm in an international art magazine in Switzerland. Three of the following qualifications essential: (1) organising ability with willingness to take responsibility; (2) experience with art magazines, publishing or advertising, journalistic qualifications; (3) working knowledge of German or French; (4) experience as professional lay-out man. Please apply with references, complete curriculum vitæ, and state when available. Box 6619.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Editor of "Fact," the Labour Party national magazine. The successful candidate must be a member of the Labour Party and, if not already a member of the National Union of Journalists, must be prepared to join. Full details and application form obtainable from the Secretary, the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1. Closing date for applications, Friday, Sept. 7, 1956.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by L.C.C. for full-time appointment to two schools for maladjusted children. Duties include visits to the schools, but will mainly involve visits to the children's homes in London. Candidates should hold Mental Health or P.S.W. Certificate. Whitley salary (£495—£750 plus London Weighting—£30 at age 26) and conditions apply. Further particulars and application forms from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1485), The County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Mon., Sept. 10. 1956.

Y.M.C.A.s have vacancies for Assistant Secretaries, Physical Directors and Wardens of Centres for H.M. Forces. First essentials—sense of Christian vocation, good general education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activites with youth. Appointments suitable for men 21 to 30 years. Selected candidates provided with practical training and term of academic study at a University, prior to appointment. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

ST. Helena's, West Hill, Eastbourne. Recognised Independent Boarding-Day School (girls). Wanted in September, Resident Mistress, general subjects and handicrafts, 10-11 age group. Froebel training pref. Burnham scale. Gov. superannuation. Apply Principal.

NEWCASTLE-Upon-Tyne Hospital Management Committee, Newcastle General Hospital. The new Professorial Department of Psychological Medicine (54 beds) will be opened in August, 1956. The department has been especially designed as an early treatment and observation centre. It will work in conjunction with the department of Psychological Medicine, King's College Medical School, University of Durham, and participate in its teaching and research. In addition a Child Guidance Clinic will be opened within the next few months and will form part of the Professorial Unit. Applications and enquiries are invited for the following: (a) Psychiatric Social Worker: Salary £495 × £15—£510 × £20—£550 × £25—£750. (b) Psychologist for In-Patient Unit: Salary £575 × £30—£815 × £35—£850. Applications with full particulars or general enquiries concerning these posts should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 4.

THE "Jewish Observer and Middle East Review" requires an Assistant Editor. Adaptability and experience most important; knowledge of Israel and the Middle East an advantage. Apply in writing, enclosing details of experience to The Editor, Jewish Observer and Middle East Review, 129 Salisbury Square House, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

INTERESTING work for enterprising Nursery School Teachers and others available as House Mothers in experimental home for psychotic and grossly maladjusted children aged 3-10. Applications to Secretary, Mid Herts Grp. Hospital Management Ctee., Bleak House, Catherine St., St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AN APPEALS Organiser and General Secretary required. Must be able to act on own initiative in arranging Fund Raising Functions. Experience in Committee procedure, compilation of brochures and bookkeeping desirable. Permanent situation. Applications will be treated in the strictest confidence. Write to Hon. Sec., Central Maccabi Fund. Box 6687.

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Library Assistant. Candidates should hold one or more parts of the Registration Examination of the Library Association. Salary £350—£20—£450. Applications in duplicate should be sent to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Tutor. Salary scale £550-£900.—Application form from: W.E.A., 51, Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications September 15, 1956.

FAMILY Planning Association—vacancies for Assistant Laboratory Secretary, shorthand typist, copy typist, telephonist-receptionist. Exceptionally short hours, good conditions, interesting work. 64 Sloane Street, S.W.1. SLO. 0451/9112.

DEPUTY Warden (female—under 50) required by National Union of Students for residential Student Hostel and International Centre in London. Write for details and application form.—Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WELFARE Society reqs. Assistant for male rehabilitation centre 14 miles London. Starting salary £4 10s./£5 p.w. Apply S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

SALES Assistant. Interesting post for a young woman with artistic appreciation, intelligence and good appearance. Experience not essential. Box 6758.

PLEASANT home with pay offd. for housekeeper-companion to healthy old lady recovering from slight stroke. 2 in family. No heavy work, gdn. W.3 district. Refs. Box 6847.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £8 14s., rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision.—Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 6828.

PERSONAL secretary required by chief executive officer of well-known Social Service Agency. Salary rate commences £450 p.a. 5-day week. Age 25-40. Interesting and responsible work.—Write Box 6831.

PROGRESSIVE London printers require Clerical Assistant, age 20-30, for Sales Department. Pleasant telephone personality, competent shorthand-typing. Knowledge of industry not essential if keen to learn. Please send brief details of age, previous career, etc. Box 6772.

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BRITISH Drama League requires Junior Secretary. Shorthand, typing & good educ. essent. Varied interesting work. Apply Training Dept., B.D.L., 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1.

DESIGN & Publishing group nr. Berkeley Sq. seek a fast & accurate secretary-shorthand-typist. Personable, educated, with gd. speaking voice, used to dealing with wide variety of people. Age up to 30, with sense of humour and gluttony for work. Japp, MAY. 0133.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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SCHOOL reqs. skilled man for repair & some gardening London & country houses. Intg. wk.; gd. pay. Box 6798.

EDUCATED women wanted for Secretarial positions with leading banking houses. Commencing salaries of £10 or more. Age immaterial. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1 & 2 Broad St. Pl., Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Summer revivals. Until Aug. 26: Huston's The African Queen (U). From 27: The Fallen Idol (A). From 30: The Third Man (A).

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HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 15. Tickets 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

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REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

AUTOUR du Cubisme. Arts Council Exhibition of 29 paintings from the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris. Tate Gallery. Open till Sept. 8, weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6 Admission 1s.

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PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent paintings by Colin Moss. Aug. 29-Sept. 22.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SUEZ: What Next? Mon., August 27, 8 p.m. Bob Edwards, M.P., Norman MacKenzie, Kingsley Martin, William Warbey, M.P. Hampstead Town Hall. Adm. 6d.

ANNIVERSARY Liberation of Rumania. Celebration Meeting. Programme includes Bucharest Youth Dance Ensemble. Sunday, Aug. 26 at 7.30 at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1 (off Tottenham Ct. Rd.). Adm. 2s. 6d. (British Rumanian F'ship. Assn., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.)

AFRICAN Forum. Doris Lessing speaks on "Central African Federation," Aug. 28, 7.30, at 32 Percy Street, W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. at 6 p.m. on Sept. 1. Film: "Bicycle Thieves."

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